

THE
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ART. I.—SACRIFICE.

1. *Evangelische Dogmatik.* Von D. KARL HASE. Dritte Verbeserte Auflage. Leipzig. 1842.
2. *Die Christliche Lehre von der Versöhnung in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung von der ältesten Zeit bis auf die neueste.* Von D. FERDINAND CHRISTIAN BAUR. Tübingen. 1838.
3. *The Pitts Street Chapel Lectures. Delivered in Boston, by Clergymen of Six different Denominations, during the Winter of 1858.* Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 1858.

BEFORE the face of Penobscot Bay, during considerable portions of the summer season, great masses of fog cluster, and remain nearly constant to the same place, apparently unaffected by winds. Blow the southern breeze ever so freshly up the Bay, the vapor does not advance before it. The ship approaching from without plunges into this cloud, and though the vapor is plainly seen flitting forward, and far outstripping her in speed, yet she at length emerges into the sunshine upon the opposite side, and leaves the dense bank behind her, seemingly anchored and motionless. So we may see a cloud clinging constant to the summit of Monadnoc or Katahdin, no matter how fiercely the gale may shriek past and through it. The wonder with which the boy regards this phenomenon ceases, when he learns that this cloud is momentarily new-formed, its material invisibly brought, and insensibly borne away, by the wind it seems to withstand.

Such a cloud is the human body. Seeming permanent and fixed, it is but a passing, a transition, its constituents momentarily flitting from, and again to, the inorganic world. Moreover, this transition, this flight of the elements composing our mortal frame, is the very condition of its existence. The moment in which the body lays an avaricious claim upon itself, and refrains from that perpetual alienation and sacrifice of its substance, is the initiation of its decay. If it does not every instant perish by its own energies, the energies themselves perish. If it ceases to dissolve itself, dissolution clutches it. It must lose its life to save it. And thus, in these physical realms, sacrifice, or self-expenditure, is one half of health, as assimilation is the other.

We have now already laid hold upon the law that governs sacrifice as a part and a condition of spiritual health. For every divine law runs through and through, is confined to no plane, no realm, but ranges by analogies, which are only transformations of truth and power, from lowest to highest level, and makes the universe one and identical. So this law of the body is also a law of the soul. Our life is not ours: it is lent. By inspiration supplied, it must be by aspiration, by love and duty, again rendered forth, or the loan itself is cut short. We must give to gain, we must do to be. Our resources are ours only while we renounce them. The attempt at any egoistic appropriation of God's truth and power is suicidal. The prophecy is given to be spoken; the melody inspired to be sung; the commission, at once impulse and obligation, to publish, comes with the perception of truth; the Zeus in the brain of Phidias streams inevitably toward the hand; power can be felt, can be known, only in its passage to manifestation; and the flowing life refuses to be detained. The secret of poet and saint is the same,—that our innermost fountains are filled when we draw from them, and that by incessant impoverishment we are made rich. And so utterance, outgiving, sacrifice, is one full half of the health and delight of the spirit.

Observe that this is no species of spiritual phlebotomy or maceration, no dismemberment or mutilation of the soul, but its wholeness, its joy and glory. The truest sacrifice of the

birds is their singing; of the sun, his shining; of the earth, the verdant or blooming affluence of its hidden life; and so of every creature, its proper utterance, its inevitable, pure action and expression. Often for the sake of this central blessedness one must forego certain acquisitions, agreeable or useful in their degree, and capable of being in some superficial way enjoyed, as riches, honors, and the like. Is that worth speaking of? Suffice it to be sure that this expression, this outgoing and bounty of the soul, is the benefit and beauty of life. Thus all those relations which are sweetest to us are such as call forth most from us,—as parent, patriot, lover, friend. So, too, the supreme vocations, as poet, priest, artist, lawgiver, are precisely those in which most is given and least outwardly expected. He is no poet who sings for fame, or for any reward grosser than the joy and deliverance of song; and the common sense of mankind has decided well that these high labors must be a compensation to themselves, not waiting upon outward payment.

The sweetness, the wholesomeness, of true sacrifice should be stated with emphasis. For self-sacrifice, in common parlance, is made very closely cognate with self-destruction. Even the large-minded Niebuhr will hardly forgive Plato, that this great sage forbore to immolate his genius upon some imaginary altar of his country's good. He, the peerless man, whose work it was to bear a cup of water from the immortal springs for watering the roots of human rectitudes and healths, must needs turn aside and spill the priceless liquor upon Athenian rocks,—else he is “a bad citizen”! How poorly an able good man will sometimes talk, when his specialty seizes upon him! “A man of his commanding genius,” says Niebuhr, “could have influenced the Athenians so greatly.” Diamond will cut glass; therefore it must be incomparable for hewing timber! And such folly, put in practice, would be laudable “sacrifice”! That is no pure sacrifice which is other than the flowing of our inward life, which does not derive its law from within. Hateful for ever is all meddling in work God never gave us to do; hateful all confounding of abilities, all warping of men from the paths by destiny appointed; hateful every gratuitous assumption, every undistinguishing imposition of foreign duties.

Thus, while our gifts are at last our only gains, giving must be lawful and discriminate; above all it must be the healthful expression, not the sick repression, of the divine law and faculty inspired into us. If sacrifice becomes other than this free coursing through us of the divine life, leading each to his proper utterance and work, each to the wholesome, happy exercise, rather than to the cramping and mutilation, of his being, it slides inevitably into bigotry, self-mutilation, and every species of conscientious suicide.

If we inspect the noblest lives, they will uniformly be found exhaling this fragrance of devotion. Here once more is an opulent soul, longing to give for the sake of giving, to do for the sake of doing; a bosom filled with God, and under this inward, divine compulsion seeking for the conflict and the victory. For what did Columbus plead at the courts of Europe through many a weary year? Only for permission to pour out his life in a labor arduous, full of peril, uncertain of issue, and without the promise of vulgar compensations. What sent Sir Humphrey Gilbert across an unknown sea in a boat of ten tons? Only an inward urgency, a soul stretching its arms for worthy work. And Washington and Cromwell, Kepler, Behmen, Paul, what is the primary fact in all their lives? Still it is a God-laden spirit, athirst for expression, compelled to consecration, burdened with the over-bounty, and seeking *relief* of devotion and action. At bottom, one and the same impulse animates all worthy souls. Its expressions are indeed extremely diverse. Now it sits rapt in the fine labors of art, again it produces the martyr of science; to-day it buckles on the armor of chivalry, to-morrow obeys the quiet, but still arduous, requisitions of culture; here it feeds the poor with the hand of charity, and then it goes forth to preach under the divine commission and obligation of apostleship; now with Plato it climbs the silent steeps of contemplation, again with Demosthenes it forces counsel upon the unwilling, hissing mob, its own worst enemy,—least pleased with its truest friends; in mediæval Italy paints a Madonna, in modern America confronts oppression; but under all form and in every age is fundamentally the same spirit. All the enduring products of history are to be referred

to this source; the soul out of that divine need to expend its opulence produced them all. The adoration of Asia, the art and philosophy of Greece, the polity of Rome, every noble institution and every admirable monument, points spire-like to the celestial region whence each has come. Out of love and loyalty, out of reverence and belief, they have all been born. They are words which the soul has uttered, from an impulse and power that are incommunicable, or communicable by God alone.

From sacrifice as a principle,—we may now pass to sacrifice as a rite. The universality of this symbol is surely fitted to excite inquiry. Why in the early ages of all nations should the shepherd select the firstlings of his flock, the husbandman the first fruits of his field, to slay and to burn? The answer is, that this is the childish outflow of the soul. One would overstep the circle of his selfish economies, and do somewhat out of the simple impulse of faith and gratitude. And thus wishing to amerce himself, he naturally takes the simplest and most outward representatives of cost. Of course, measured by adult understanding, the fancy is absurd enough that Deity is better addressed by the waste than by the use of our goods. But the fact that it is waste makes it salient; and what is here sought is unlikeness to customary uses. For this is inarticulate worship, the mute gesticulation of infant men trying to suggest by strange motions what they are unable to say. But however childish, however ridiculous to later ages, it springs from a noble root, and may affiliate itself with all that is loftiest in the sentiments and performance of man.

But, starting with this primary root, sacrifice has a double growth, one generous and one superstitious; one reaching forward toward all that is beautiful and sacred, toward the artist's chaplet and the martyr's crown,—the other blossoming only into butchery, terror, selfishness, insanity. Both these have obtained for themselves an expression in all ages, and continue to do so even to the present day. Let us trace them both until we find them as they now are represented in our own midst.

Be it noted, then, that wholesome sacrifice is always a free,

spontaneous expression of adoration, — such an expression as seems fitting to all men at a certain stage of their culture. It is not an attempt to purchase the good-will of Providence; it is not flattery addressed to God for a "consideration"; it is not bait thrown into the sea of hereafter, to draw fish to one's private net; it is simple, pure, uncalculated offering, the soul's response to its own pieties. The moment it loses this free, loving character, the moment it becomes less than the soul's free requisition upon itself, it sinks into degradation, and is no longer sacrifice. What is thus denied of the genuine, suggests the description of its counterfeit. To discriminate therefore between the two cannot be difficult. The true is the pure, sweet compelling of God in the heart, — that same divine necessity by which suns must shine and the earth bring forth forest and herb; it is the giving that blesses itself, and the duty that cannot ask reward. The false is the attempt of the ego to obtain a second-hand omnipotence; to *retain* almighty power, and take God into pay; to introduce an eddy of private favor into the merciful currents of Absolute Justice, and to buy an extra share of Infinite Love. It is easy then to distinguish these intellectually, not so easy to separate them practically. For human deeds and dispositions are never quite without mixture. This is specially true of instinctive action, not yet winnowed by thought; it is always found as wheat and chaff together.

Ritual sacrifice accordingly is from the first a compound of adoration and egotism. Now the mode of historical development is that of a separation of things mixed, allowing individual representations to both of the contending principles. So civilization, giving to us saints, poets, philosophers, philanthropists, legislators, and masterly men in many kinds, produces also examples of ignorance and corruption unknown in savage life. And so the two contrary elements entering into the use of this symbol will gradually fall apart, determine themselves in opposition to each other, and enter into open conflict, before the better shall prevail.

And in thus separating them, let us make clear to ourselves what form each will assume. This, then, may easily be perceived, — that the rite, as a pure expression of sacrifice,

will be always *tending to the extinction of itself*, that is, revolving itself into the principle it suggests, and into the more immediate, rational uses and effects of the same. As ideas develop, a higher meaning is infused into the useful activities of men. The faculty of thought, the conscience, the sense of beauty, begins to fan the threshing-floors of our crude impulses, and to winnow away the earthiness from human desires and deeds. New, broader, lovelier, happier interpretations of the soul's adoration offer themselves; and the believing being, able to utter itself by the forms of art, charity, literature, legislation, and the administration of justice, accepts these, and supplies their intelligible expressions in the place of those instinctive gestures. The nation that yesterday would have sacrificed a holocaust, to-day finds a temple; the individual who formerly would have slain a lamb, now writes a hymn, or carves a statue; men learn to kindle altar-fires in the kitchens, and to offer first fruits on the tables, of the poor. Thus worship becomes intelligent, articulate, and instead of standing dumbly apart, it gains, like language, the breath of life itself. Mingling with reason and imagination, it begins to run forth upon all the currents of thought and action, and to lift all our days and labors into conversation with the skies. For in the social and rational state one can always find noble work to do; there are opportunities enough for sacrifices which possess an intrinsic significance; and these purely gratuitous and wasteful methods of burning and blood-shedding are inevitably abandoned.

Ritual sacrifice as a part of egoism, on the contrary, becomes more and more determined upon itself. Separating itself even farther from real life, its broad duties and human cheers, it becomes dogmatical, exclusive, and soon proclaims itself sole keeper of the heavenly doors. It assumes a monopoly of the highest relations, and would degrade them beneath the lowest. Being an egotism, it believes in divine egotism; and the more it gives credit to this, the more some special gratification to the selfishness assumed to dwell beyond the skies appears necessary.

Edmund Spenser, in his "View of the State of Ireland," inveighs bitterly against the so-called "Brehon Law," which

permitted a pecuniary compensation, entitled an "Eriach," for murder. Ritual sacrifice, practised, not as symbolical, but as efficient, as prose rather than poetry, assumes the existence of a Brehon Law on a larger scale. It implicitly affirms that God will compound for sin, and take pay for unrighteousness. And presently this passes over into the analogous statement, that any iniquity can be compensated for, and any requisite amount of divine favor, or rather divine *favoritism*, be purchased. Of course, this is the last defeat of moral law; for it is the expulsion of that law from the very bosom wherein its life and omnipotence dwell. In fact, the only possible compensation for filthiness is washing; for all sin, the amendment of the sinner. The Supreme Spirit has one eternal immutable demand upon man,—a demand for free course through him. The flowing of this is at last our only blessing, its obstruction our only loss. As the demand of light upon the eye is seeing, and for all eyes, sick or well, the same, so of martyr and murderer the Spirit asks only entrance and passage, nor less nor more for ever. Incorruptible, simple, as incapable of grudge as of favoritism, not to be insulted or offended, not to be flattered or bought, it waits with sublime imperturbable serenity at every closed avenue, and enters at every open one. He who receives it has his reward not only in present peace and power, but in ever widening doors, a reception richer and richer; he who hinders it has his reward in a habit of hindrance, in a crookedness of soul constantly tending to become chronic. The fault is never in our stars, but always in ourselves, that we are underlings, or cowards, or corrupt. The air were not air, did it forbear to press into every open space; and God were not God, did he cease to flow immortally in loving, fruitful pressure around every soul. But superstitious sacrifice, having grown dogmatical, declares God in effect to be a pure egoism: of course, some appliance by which this egoism can be moved to man's advantage is the first and perpetual requisite. And as ritual—or, more appropriately, commercial—sacrifice is the declared means of so mending and altering the divine dispositions, this is made for ever indispensable. But it is indispensable only as it is a virtual atheism, that is, the

substitution of an egoism for its exact eternal contrary, the Divine.

In modern recastings of this ancient superstition, a contradiction is assumed between love and justice, as if a war betwixt these attributes were waged in the bosom of God. It is also assumed to be for the advantage of man that Absolute Justice should suffer defeat, or be at least pushed aside from its path. But all which we name different attributes of God, are only different aspects of the same fact, in themselves identical. And the good of man is attained not by any troubling or disturbance of the Divine,—take what name in our vocabularies this may,—but by its pure force prevailing. In truth, nothing is sweeter than justice. Moreover, nothing is more merciful. It is the crude conventional justice of legal formalities, conversant only with seemings, not with certainties, inflexible, outward, only semi-intelligent,—it is this half-unjust justice that requires modification through the juster suggestions of human sentiment. But pure justice, ever flowing to the exact shape of fact, never crushing a capability of good, never countenancing a proclivity to evil, this is already kindlier than any human compassions; since it is only justice in proportion as it meets the exact *needs* of every soul. And to every soul it is always sweet,—sour only to the cowardly and covetous. He who could warp this by a hair's breadth would take away the sole pledge of soundness in the universe. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*, was the Latin proverb of an English judge: but were justice not done, fall the heavens surely would, the earth could not abide, nor any star preserve his throne. Abominable, therefore, and worthy of cursing, is each and every plan, however disguised with fair terms, to introduce private respects into the bosom of Divinity, and to corrupt the immutability of heavenly law; accursed every design for bribing Absolute Justice, or for paying a fee to Infinite Love. Let these Two, which are One, be themselves for ever, neither more nor less than the inevitable outgoing, inspiring, and administration of the spirit of God. And these being the everlasting sacrifice of the Infinite, so let them, breathing themselves into human souls, repeat there their sacred lore, and renew their blessed utterance.

Now this notion of propitiation, being essentially extravagant, carries in itself no principle of limitation, and is ever tending toward a more outrageous excess. Especially when joined with that cognate superstition which interprets calamity or physical disturbance as betokening the wrath of God, it runs rapidly toward horror and abomination. The selfish wretch, gambling for divine forgiveness or favor, constantly pledges a dearer and dearer stake, till at last, perchance, he seizes on the silken locks of his own child, and flings down its life as a die that must compel fortune. Accordingly, we are unacquainted with any early nation which did not fall into the practice of human sacrifices. And now, when a purer culture has rendered such horrid oblations impossible and almost incredible, the same tendency finds vent in the conception, not of a human, but a *superhuman* sacrifice,—no less than the immolation of Omnipotence,—of one such in his supremacy of power that only himself could slay himself, so that, however the puny strength and little wraths of men might be allowed as conduits of the great carnage, still the victim alone could be virtual slaughterer. The sacrificial suicide of God!—compassed by a circumlocution, indeed, yet not the less wrought by his own hand, merely grasping Jewish bigotry as a weapon! Alas that distance can so lend enchantment as to render this abhorrent conception seemly and satisfactory to multitudes of pious men! Nor does it diminish objection to remember that this is said to be done by the Highest as a means of cozening his own justice with another than its legitimate satisfaction, and of knocking off the gyves from the galled wrists of his own love!

Vicarious sacrifice is thus the antipodal counterfeit, the deadliest contrary, of that dear shedding of God's beauty out of the soul, that bounteous pouring abroad of his inward illuminations, in which spiritual sacrifice consists. In early ages the degradation of a religious rite, it becomes in the latest ages the degradation of religious doctrine; at first a foulness upon the garments of symbolical worship, it would at length not spare to fling its foulness upon the garments of the Object and Inspirer of worship; in its grossness and sav-

agery, become on earth an impossible practice, it is theoretically lifted up to the skies, and the sweet heavens are usurped by the sole picture of a crimsoned altar, a victim deliberately given for vicarious slaughter, and Celestial Justice appeased, not by rectitude, which is the answering of its divine demand, but by the rack and wrench of torture, and the savors of spilling blood. But the more averse from truth, the more self-asserting this superstition becomes, since it proceeds upon, and generates, a theory of God which renders itself necessary. Like opium taken to afford temporary quiet to a nervous patient, it is primarily demanded by disease, and alleviates the pain upon sole condition of aggravating its cause. It can but soothe the ills it makes, and renews in the act of relieving them. While there are diseased souls, they will make diseased demands ; vicarious sacrifice is that spurious elixir of life which just meets the abnormal demand, but which quickens the disease while momentarily quieting the pain. — Thus abnormal circulation is established, the body of abomination grows with thrifty unhealthfulness : at last there is created a spiritual tumor, clinging so to the arteries that upon it the boldest skill hardly dares try its surgery.

All that has been indicated as the necessary history of sacrifice may be read as actual history in the earliest Hebrew literature. The rites which constituted its infantile expression were the legacy to this people of their ancestors, prior to their coming under the influence of Moses. That this meek saint and masterly man — one of the great hinge-minds upon which the epochs of history turn — saw the puerility of these practices, we make no manner of doubt. The absence of any least allusion to them from the first table of commandments would alone sufficiently show this. But the very conception of him as a sacred lawgiver, not in the most primitive states of society, precludes all necessity of proof in such a case. A spiritual leader can be no other than one who guides the crude religious sentiment of nations to larger, lovelier, more moral expressions, — expressions more intimate and identical with the varied issues of pure souls. We question not that Moses received these rites into his system only as a concession to ancient inexpugnable custom. He sought rather to purify

than abolish them ; to fence out the intolerable foulness that elsewhere clustered around them, and to secure them exclusively to Jehovah, instead of less noble, or positively depraved, conceptions of God. It is indeed commonly assumed that the Mosaic code, in every particular, was the expression of a pure inspiration. If we had nothing to oppose to this but historical truth and the right and reason of the case, those might be expected to prove deaf who deny the sacredness of conscience and reason, and habitually infer history from the Catechism. But it is strange that they can treat with equal indifference the very authority to which they themselves appeal. The Author of Christianity, speaking especially of the law of divorce, expressly affirmed an element of compromise in that code, somewhat conceded to mere hardness of heart. One instance of submission to chronic custom is as good as a thousand, because one involves the principle.

By concession, then, these crude symbols were here incorporated into the Mosaic worship. In them sanctity and superstition mingled. But the inevitable separation soon commences. The pure principle began to quit these bogs : the superstitious desire to circumvent Absolute Justice and sweeten Absolute Benificence waded the more deeply into them. Samuel, the great conduit of the Mosaical inspiration to the days of David and the prophets, already declares emphatically, "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." With our modern facility of speech, he might have said, "Obedience is the true sacrifice ; for it is selfishness, more often than worship, which reddens the altars, and causes the smoke of oblations to ascend." Every spiritual man is sure to add his contribution to this protest : —

"For thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it ;
Thou delightest not in burnt offerings.
The sacrifice that God loveth is a broken spirit :
A broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

"Let them offer the sacrifices of thanksgiving,
And declare his works with joy."

So chant the psalmists in peace or penitence. "To do justice is better than sacrifice," is Samuel's declaration, passed into a proverb. And at length the fervid soul of Isaiah —

wrought upon by the daily spectacle of compensating God for iniquity, of paying for red hands with red altars, of men offsetting vicious deeds with vicarious oblations, the smoke of their lusts and the reek of inward foulness with the smoke of burnt-offerings and the savors of sweet incense — pours out thus his passionate indignation, and thunders the pure imperative of the moral law : —

“ Hear the words of Jehovah, ye princes of Sodom !
 Give ear to the instruction of our God, ye people of Gomorrah !
 What to me is the multitude of your sacrifices ? saith Jehovah ;
 I am satiated with the burnt-offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts ;
 In the blood of bullocks, and of lambs, and of goats, I have no delight.
 When ye come to appear before me,
 Who hath required this of you, that ye trample on my courts ?
 Bring no more false oblations !
 Incense is an abomination to me.
 Wash you ; make you clean ;
 Put away your evil doings from before mine eyes ;
 Cease to do evil ;
 Learn to do well ;
 Seek justice ; relieve the oppressed ;
 Defend the fatherless ; plead for the widow.”

But the sensual and insincere were hard to persuade that the gifts of God cannot be bought. So they sinned and sacrificed, sacrificed and sinned ; crimsoned their altars to whiten bloody hands ; and the felon slept soundly, having added a folly to a crime.

Yet the battle of the seer against the ceremonialist, — of the upholders of rectitude against the upholders of a substitute for rectitude, — though never wholly won, was steadily and bravely fought. Where has it been more bravely fought ? Where has the principle of sacrifice, in its purest moral aspects, been more emphatically announced ? Where more heroically persisted in ? We are not among those who deem flattery of the Hebrew people a fulfilment of religious obligation. Nevertheless, where else in history shall we look to find an enthusiasm for duty equally powerful and sustained ? Duty, the pure surrender and sacrifice of the life to God in doing the works of right and mercy, this is the ideal of the nation, that is, of its heroic men, — an ideal salient at once by its

simplicity and its power. And this ideal, working in the fervid imaginations of the prophets, began to shape itself into a personal form. Hand after hand touches the picture ; slowly it grows into distinctness. Greek stoicism delighted to paint its sage or complete man ; nor stopped short with portrayal, but toiled bravely to be what it admired. Hebrew prophecy pictures this, not as what a man may be, but as what some man must be. What the Greek portrayed, the Hebrew predicted. Nay, there is a difference in the lineaments also. Stoicism drew a portrait of heroic serenity based on heroic self-control. The Hebrew picture is of absolute self-renunciation, so that the ego is not so much resisted as left behind. The man is less self-possessed than God-possessed, and the overflowing spontaneities of belief, deluging and drowning selfish obstruction, exalt him into a symbol of pure spiritual power. That imagination of a Messiah, or divine man, always just coming, which fixed itself as a permanent expectation, though afterwards in a degraded form, in the Hebrew nation, is certainly not to be overlooked in a history of the human mind.

Nor is it to be overlooked, that the imagination proved to be not vain and gratuitous. Prophecy was only the forerunning shadow of Providence, and the fact overtopped and shamed the expectation.

In the life of Jesus there is first the struggle and the victory, intimated in the story of the temptation. "Get thee behind me, Satan," is said, and self-renunciation achieved. Soon after his central moral principle has ripened into speech. "Except a man renounce self, he cannot enter the kingdom of God." Then we have it again uttered with the sharpest point of paradox, "He that will save his life shall lose it, but he that will lose his life" for divine ends "shall save it." And finally it comes forth in the form of personal profession, "My meat and drink is to do the will of my Father in heaven."

This is with him more than belief, even than belief carrying with it, as all genuine belief must, the fullest and heartiest moral sympathy. It is simply character in words,—the echo following the fact, the bulletin after the victory. This explains the force and vitality of his principle in history.

To see is one thing, to be another. Not that high facts are ever perceptible to foul eyes ; not that the intellectual can be so separated from the moral as is commonly presumed. God's costly gift of superior vision is vouchsafed not to blind mouths, but only to eyes that are purged, and hearts that are pure. He who is to live upon the words proceeding out of God's mouth, must present himself at the heavenly tables with other than sensual appetites ; for the finest cup that dewy and beamy Dawn ever brought to the lips of May is gross compared with that divine repast, for which the soul's eyes are the receiving lip, and Inspiration the cup-bearer. Yet, though to perceive the highest truths demand deep consecrations, and though the gift of seeing is truly a celestial boon, still to be this truth, in its concrete organic form, is more and greater. The holiest words may be mouthed by the profanest ; the holiest facts are discovered only by holy sympathy with them ; but heavenly truth in its purely vital presentation,—not seen, but seeing agent,—this is beyond the loftiest sympathy, or its reward, the loftiest perception. And this may suggest the valid distinction between Platonism and Christianity. The doctrinal resemblance of these has been always known and acknowledged. Not the least candid of these confessions is that recently made by Professor Blackie of Edinburgh University : "It is easy to see that Platonic philosophy and Christian faith, in their grand outlines, characteristic tendencies, and indwelling spirit, are *identical*." In what, then, do they differ ? In this, that the one is a Thought, and the other a Faith ; that a perception of truth, and this a possession by truth ; there truth is entertained with sacred hospitalities as a heavenly guest, here truth itself, as a force in the nature, breaks the bread, and its guests are the hungered nations. We trust that we may be acquitted of cant. We shall not be suspected of that stale disparagement of Plato, which the foolish think a compliment to their own special faith. Invidious comparison between God's gifts is neither grateful nor graceful. That Plato was God's apostle to the intellectual class, and a truly celestial man, should not now need to be said to cultivated men. But also a cultivated man should see that what is Thought in Plato is Power, be-

cause Character, in Christ. Justly might he say, "*I am the Truth.*" And this distinction shows itself in the different access which these two systems obtain to men. Christianity is for all, Platonism for some ; this for a learned or thoughtful class, that for the human heart, wherever hearts beat and blood is red. So Platonism seeks to convince, Christianity to convert ; this builds, that beautifies ; Christ can raise the edifice, Plato illuminate the rooms.

Great is Light, sacred eternally ; and sacred too, a boon for immortality, is Sight, its complement. Seeing and Being, Light and Life,—these two ; and Life is the greater, but *only* Life is greater. High is his apostleship who can *show* us truth. One only is higher,—he who can *command* us by truth. Yes, the Messias ever prophesied by the hope of mankind is he in whom Truth comes as heat and quickening power, moving men by sympathetic compulsion, and originating a new historical impulse ; for in him comes an access of spiritual power to the masses of mankind. Give social impulse, and the impossible may be achieved ; cowards will beg for battle, misers to be mulcted, dwarfs will become giants, the clod of yesterday go to the stake, martyr to an idea or a hope, to-morrow. All the miracles of history are this. Let a heart bring true fire, and what is ice to it alone will be tinder to the flame it shall kindle. Few are the quickeners, but miracle-workers all ; and the Captain of the little band was a Nazarene. He, standing for the fact of facts in the spiritual life of every man born of woman, namely, the need of absolute inward surrender to the informing outflowing soul, came not as the prophet of this fact, but as its presence,—not as a testifier, not as testimony. An unlearned man may deny the theory of Newton ; he holds to the planet with so many pounds' weight nevertheless. So he who is earless to moral statement cannot make himself impervious to moral contagion. Deaf and blind he may be, but above his will does his secret soul steadily gravitate to commanding masses of its own kind. Hence Christianity.

But this life of self-sacrifice involves sacrifices that for themselves are not to be chosen,—loss of popular sympathy, loss of outward peace, loss perhaps of life. The world does

not readily forgive one for being too much its friend. The lover of men must perforce learn to love them as enemies, for if his good-will is conditioned upon theirs, it will soon lack the contingency on which it is based. This inhospitable reception of benefactors is easily explained. The successful man holds his advantages, for the most part, by the simple tenure of custom. But custom is always impure, sometimes terribly diseased, and principle accuses it. If the social and spiritual condition thus represented by custom be highly pathological, and the visiting principle be very deep and searching, its accusation takes a menacing extent, threatens all institutions, and a broad, irreconcilable antagonism soon develops itself. Then custom mans its bristling ramparts, while principle, clothed in the resistless might of meekness, which is God's strength, presses to the assault. But thus its vessel must be shattered. Its soldiers are martyrs; it wins not by arms, but by sorrows, and loses its forces to gain its victory. Jesus represents such a conquering defeat, and adds the crimson sacrifice of the martyr to the self-renunciation of the saint. As an expression, then, of this principle in the loveliness that it is, and the suffering it involves, he stands before us all, redeeming, saving us, to such degree as he wins us to a partnership in the toils and the glories of his spiritual sovereignty.

Yet this same life has been assimilated with the notion of sacrifice as a purchase. Our modern Church, looking back upon that history, seizes upon its perversion, erects that blunder of priest and people into the polity of God, and completes its folly by thrusting the martyr of Calvary into the wretched category of vicarious oblations. Thus he becomes an example, not of self-sacrifice, but of self-immolation, not of martyrdom, but of suicide; the significance of his whole life is elaborately reversed, and, instead of bearing the cross-banner of faith, and leading men through self-renunciation to moral victory and immortal peace, he becomes only the consummate price by which Love is to be bought, and Justice bribed, retribution made lawless, and the fruits of rectitude bestowed without warrant of the fact.

But Truth, ever seeming imperilled, or even subdued, still

preserves life and mastery. It is curious, as well as consoling, to watch the occult processes by which her unceasing restorations and recoveries take place. When the wind blows freshly up a flowing river, the unaccustomed beholder thinks it sure that the tide is running with the running waves ; the practised eye sees the subtle glide of the current reversing this ostentatious seeming all the while. The Divine Fact does its work by hands that little suspect themselves of the service they perform. The earnest Calvinist preacher hotly asserts total depravity from the pulpit to-day, and to-morrow trusts his "unconverted" neighbor with gold, with his own good fame, with the life of his only child, or whatever is dearest. Thousands, theoretically loud for the colossal superstition here animadverted upon, do, spite of that, really pour from their hearts a spontaneous love,—do worship the excellent without pay or cringing,—and repose in God a pure trust, based neither on bargain nor blood. Thousands who acquiesce silently in this theory do never, in their own hearts, really think that the favor of God can or need be bought, and habitually forget to propitiate in their desire to serve him.

Yet Truth should also be served in the speaking and conscious believing of truth. At last we must pay for every falsehood we countenance. Pre-eminently does it behoove a nation, opening into such a future as ours, to put away every hindrance for the running of its race. However, theological error is sure, sooner or later, to wear itself out whenever action and sentiment have risen above it. The steady shaming of civilized week-days will, in due time, bring blushes to the cheek of barbarous Sabbaths. To action, then, let us look, and endeavor to recognize the one primal, universal condition of its purity.

Worship alone is pure action. Worship and sacrifice are one. Whatever has nothing of this celestial strain, as it issues not from the deep heights of man's being, so it ascends not to the high places in the memories and regards of mankind. Whatever is this, has in it the principle of eternal soundness, and is fellow, as in purity so in permanence, to crystals, to the blue of the sky and the light of stars. But what is worship ? It is recognition of Absolute Excellence, no matter

how expressed,—a recognition in which the heights and the depths, the speech and the silence of man's being, his whole consciousness, and his whole underlying unconsciousness consent; and far beyond our knowing, far beyond our dreaming, runs the sacred thrill of homage, and the melodies of that which is more than promise, and more than private possession, the unnamed symphony of adoring hearts. All action *can* be this confession of Right, or Truth, or Beauty,—can thus spring out of pure spiritual necessity. Action is grand only as it is inwardly inevitable. Not what we please to choose doing is divine, but what in fealty to the Eternal Good we must do. And whatever deed has this spiritual genesis is worship, is sacrifice. Alas! the verbalities that in common speech usurp the name of worship,—how often are these inevitable in their pure spontaneity? How often are they the dim coming of dawn, the upward rolling of our inward sun, while within us groves warble their delight, the dews of more subtle skies sparkle over blooming and breathing fields, and, planet-like, our being rounds its voice into one total note of welcome?

Recognition,—Acknowledgment; of deed and speech this is the sacred circle. What is the high use of speech? To celebrate the facts of the universe,—the divine facts within, about, above us. All great literature is simple statement, metrical or other, and the virtue of the statement is to be inevitable. So much is *seen*, and must therefore be *said*; seen *so*, therefore said *so*. He is a silly man who tries to sing what does not sing itself within him. Mr. Carlyle's question, “To speak, or to sing?” seems easily answered in general. Speak your soul's prose, and sing its chant. Neither matter nor manner may the writer choose: let him submit himself to the Divine Fact. If that is melodious to him, what right has he to mutilate its expression? If it speak as prose command, then he will respond with duty or with precept. Let his writing be worship, and he will need neither to meddle nor make. He will see, also, that it is the fact alone which is great, not his own words about it; that he cannot varnish or embellish it. He can only follow it at a distance, trying to give it its own hues, to suggest its native splendor. God's

rhetoric, which is the hues of things and the gleeful play and glancing of affinities, he may pursue with his fleetest foot, and may fix it in his speech as he can ; but to think of decking the sunset with his private ribbons, let him not dare or dream. He writes well who writes on his knees, whose soul bows while it records. And one could wish that, instead of the frivolous rhetorics with which youth are corrupted, are taught to think of manufacturing a style, they might rather be persuaded to follow the style of facts themselves, to report what *is*, because they perceive its divineness, and to report it *as it is*, not otherwise.

Art is also a worship, or it is affectation. The devoutness and the depth of its recognitions, and the purity with which these are presented, are the three measures by which its value is determined. The second of these measures is the more important in *real* art. To paint a weed, or to carve a Zeus, requires equally the attitude of worship ; it is the grander or lesser order of facts perceived, which makes the chief difference between a pre-Raphaelite landscape and the immortal marble of Phidias.

But why pursue these details ? One thing is good, namely, the fine flow and spending of the soul, the shine of Being through human eyes. And one preliminary to this is perpetual,—abjuration of that limiting principle which urges us not to give passage to spirit, but to grasp, detain, engross,—to make our bosom a terminus, rather than conduit, for the river of life. Life flows to us only as it can flow through us ; and shutting the bosom to hold this selfishly, only excludes it, as closing the shutters shuts the light, not in, but out. Self-renunciation alone gives us the freedom of the heavenly cities. Once able to surrender ourselves to the Good as good, to Truth for Truth's dear sake, to Beauty for the divineness that is in it, the immortal highways lie fair before, the starward paths whose loftiest ascent no star-beam ever saw ; for then we shall have passed through the iron gates that close between sensuality and the sky, between egoism and everlasting truth and peace.

ART. II.—CICERO THE ORATOR.

1. *The Fall of the Roman Republic. A Short History of the Last Century of the Commonwealth.* By CHARLES MERIVALE, B. D. London: Longman, Brown, & Co. 1853.
2. M. TULLII CICERONIS *Opera.* Ed. JOSEPHUS OLIVETUS. Edit. Tertia Emendatissima. Genevæ: MDCCCLVIII. Tom. IV., V., VI.
3. *The History of the Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero.* By CONYERS MIDDLETON. London. 1750.

IN the little town of Arpinum, anciently a Samnite village, now belonging to the king of Naples, in the year 645 after the founding of the city of Romulus, was born Marcus Tullius Cicero, the man who was to extend the bounds of the Roman intellect, concurrently with the extension of her physical sway. In him of all the Romans centres the supreme intellectual interest of mankind, as in Julius Cæsar all the imperial interests of man find their approximate object of sympathy.

On two grounds the thoughts of modern civilization pay homage to Cicero; first, as a centre around which nearly all the Roman orators, and all the oratorical thoughts of subsequent antiquity, cluster; and next as concentrating in his single head the whole wit and wisdom of antiquity itself. Therefore to-day the senator in his study, and the schoolboy in the frontier school-house of America, are poring over the pages of this man's spoken and written thought, with an interest even yet akin to that with which the Italian youth listened to, and the Roman Senate obeyed, the most accomplished tongue that ever spoke to men; and to-day, wherever the languages of civilization are spoken, the figure of Cicero in his toga sweeps out before the eye of all youthful and mature ambition, the supreme embodiment of every art conducive to the one great art of varied and universal public speech. Whenever youth is to be encouraged, or a great oratorical achievement to be characterized, the describer utters the name of "Cicero," and the climax of comparative description is reached.

In those years of the first republics, as now with the modern republics, eloquence and war were the two instruments

of ambition ; then, as now, Eloquence and War were the two wings of Victory. This young man chose words rather than wars by which to do the work of his life. It was well for Rome, it was better for the world, that he did so ; fortunate for the city, because, by his single tongue and pen, he saved Rome from a position of humiliating and utter inferiority to Greece in intellectual prowess, — an inferiority more mortifying from its signal contrast with the supremacy of the Roman arms. And for the world it was fortunate, because the body of his speeches and his writings will to all ages teach the tongue and stimulate the pen, wherever polite letters flourish among the children of men. While the world has a Pantheon, this man's memory will command one of the most enduring monuments of all its bronze and marble. While civilized thoughts occupy the minds of men, Marcus Tullius will still *speak* to them.

The outline of Cicero's history is familiar to all readers. As an historical character and as a statesman, as a philosopher and *litterateur*, modern literature has freely discussed him ; but, strange to say, as an orator he has rarely been critically considered. Literature has been content to rank him generally as dividing the world's oratoric empire with Demosthenes, and has then turned aside to contemplate him in other points and characters, — as the scholar, the patriot, the sage. Demosthenes as an orator has fared better. Probably no review of the Grecian was ever written, which did not mainly occupy itself with analyzing and characterizing his oratory.

The outside facts of Cicero's life are few, but interesting. He did not take great cities by the edge of the sword ; he did not place a sceptre in the hands of an august lineage, but, by his unresting brain, for fifty years he maintained a sovereignty to whose intellectual supremacy no diadem was necessary.

We propose to consider Cicero the Orator ; not the Statesman, — except so far as a glance at his statesmanship is essential to comprehending the dimensions of the orator, — nor even the Man of history, except as his history marks the march of his oratorical development.

It was about the year 670 from the founding of Rome

that the first tones of his young eloquence began to vibrate timidly upon the ear of men. The brilliant Sylla, head of the state, was crowning the circle of his accomplishments by the imperial art of Dictatorial administration. Aristocracy was, in his person, militant and triumphant; Democracy had cowered down in the Numidian marches with swarthy old Marius, and with sunken head was vainly mumbling over the memories of the Gracchi and the name of Brutus. Cicero's voice began to be heard, upon that side of questions which was rather popular than powerful; his instincts of action, like the instinct of eloquence itself, seemed to lead him at first in the popular and the anti-aristocratic direction. One of the first professional efforts in which he found courage to give expression to his elaborate training and his enthusiastic thoughts, was an example of intrepid opposition to the national autocrat. It was a case in which one of Sylla's favorites was the interested prosecutor. The leading lawyers, Hortensius, Cotta, and others, had refused it, from apprehensions of the royal patron who stood behind the prosecutor. When this case was called up for argument, the crowded judgment-hall saw with amazement a young man, hardly known to anybody, rise by the side of the accused. Looking calmly upon the bench of judges, he said, "I imagine that your Honors marvel why it is that, when so many eminent orators are sitting still, I should rise who neither for age nor ability am to be compared with them." All eyes were then bent upon him as he proceeded to explain why it was. Though not more than twenty-seven, he seemed to be possessed of conscious power. He was not significantly Roman in appearance; he was too pallid and thin and intellectual in his face and air. Midnight watchings by the lamp, rather than nightly marches in the field, had stamped their fatigue upon his features. He was tall and rather majestic in his figure and attitude. When he stood up, he seemed to take his position like a youth confident of a career and a destiny. He had not the imperious and dashing look of young Cæsar, but a more meditative and scholarly way. It seemed that he had before appeared in a few private causes; but this, men said, was the first time he had ever met the stare of the

crowd. Yet he was unabashed by the multitude, as he was unawed by the monarch. As his glance swept across the pushing crowd, it was collected and firm. As the multitude returned it, they marked features severe yet not uncomely,—no such atmosphere of luxurious longings investing them as they had noticed in the already glorious Hortensius. They might have perceived, had they scanned him closely, the chiselling of patient thought upon the high, smooth marble of his brow. In the nose, which is always an index of character, they might have seen in an aquiline and bold outline the sign of power, of tenacity, of toil, of enduring mental vigor. The dress which robed the new advocate was an apt apparel for a man who was at once a Roman and a thinker; it was the toga, not loosely girded, like the boy Cæsar's, nor gay with color, like the fast young men of his own age, but modest and close-fitting, with an academic rather than a civic cut. Through all the outside show of the man, through his delicate face, his thin form, his nervous action, intellect pure and severe looked out, like flame through alabaster.

Apparently, he was not ignorant of his danger in arguing this cause. He saw the glittering eye of the Dictator directed toward the proceedings, and in the opening of his argument he slightly propitiated the imperial ire by the declaration that he had dared to take the cause because he knew he was too young and insignificant to provoke a despotic exercise of the conqueror's power. But the argument, as it went on, revealed great and varied abilities. The description of the awful guilt of parricide, especially, was so vivid, that it provoked acclamations of applause from the spectators; and in the general management of the address there was learning, discretion, and philosophy both in illustration and conduct. During the whole of it, he bore down on the complainant, Sylla's favorite, with unsparing severity. He called him "broker," "enemy," "assassin"; and at the close he even ventured some rather uncourtier-like expressions concerning the gay tyrant himself. The accused man was discharged.

It was a curious coincidence, and one which might have struck the attention of the chief of the state, that, about the same time that this youth Cicero thus baffled his favoritism,

an orator more youthful still was defying his vengeance ; and it is possible that young Cicero may have been aware that young Cæsar had refused to divorce his girl-wife at the bidding of the prince. If it be thought that the denunciation of Cysagonus the favorite, the complainant in this case, was really levelled at the enthroned principal through the insignificant agent, then this first public criminal argument, with which the forensic drama of Cicero's life began, corresponds not inaptly with the closing argument of his tragic career ; for, as that was the old man's last philippic against the tyrant Antony, so this was the young man's trembling philippic against the tyrant Sylla. A practical logic would carry the coincidence still further ; for, as Sylla was the inventor of the proscription, so Antony was the last Roman of the Republic who proscribed ; and by the proscription of Antony, this youth himself was at last to die.

Cicero was now twenty-seven years old. His preparation for public speaking had been immense, as his ambition was boundless. His aspirations were intellectual, but they were wide and flaming as the walls of the world. Like Lord Bacon, he also could have said, "I have taken all learning for my province." Not Cæsar's heart panted with haughtier longings !

As a schoolboy he had been eminent among his fellows, and his precocity was not, as it often is, crude and unsound. The progress corresponded with the promise. As soon as he was able to form any conceptions of original force, he planned in his mind an ideal of the great and all-accomplished orator. To achieve this ideal he resolved to make the work of his life. Other arts he would master, other fields of knowledge he would explore, but all should be tributary and subservient to this one conception of overruling splendor. How all-embracing this plan was, he has himself told mankind in his great work, which has survived and will survive many generations, the *Dialogue on Oratory*, — a work which he wrote when his own recorded honors testified to the complete success of his struggle and his theory. There was no suggestion of the human mind, no flight of a frolicsome fancy, no burning pulsation of passion, that he did not claim to reduce to

the sure control of his instructed will. Often in the gardens and retired spots of the environs of Rome, the strolling citizen or marching soldier saw the young, pale man meditating, or reading, or practising, ever consumed with an inward fire, which beamed from his eyes, and burned on his tongue, and burst from his breast in all the glowing languages of the impassioned soul. All his life he was a learner, and when in his old age he spoke before the laurelled Cæsar, whose youthful defiance of the tyrant had more than paralleled his own, he was still a patient observer of the ways of men when under the influence of glowing utterance. But his elementary instruction, his preparation for the future *début* of his life, was at the very threshold unrivalled and universal. The greatest lawyers, philosophers, poets, and orators all left upon him the mark of their instruction. The most profound philosophers had given him the mystic teachings of their esoteric precepts. The luxurious disciple of Epicurus, the intellectual Platonist, the austere Stoic,—all had taken him to their temples, and walked with him in their groves. All the polite letters, the humanities of the day, had been instilled into his nascent genius by the fostering hand of the poet Archias; the same whom, in years long after, he was to defend and vindicate in his proud claim to the title of Roman citizenship.

But especially had he been trained to *speak*. All the most famous men of speech who were in Rome, or who occasionally visited the metropolitan republic, he took pains to hear. The Greek masters, who gave lessons in declaiming, he practised with every day. He had the discrimination, also, to appreciate not only the criticism, but the example, of woman in oratory. De Quincey, the English essayist, has said that the pure and racy idiom of the language is nowhere more characteristically shown than in the familiar letters of English ladies. So Cicero studiously sought, in the cultivated but careless conversation of the Roman ladies, a graceful strength of expression, and a polished cadence of utterance. To gain not only elocutionary but inventive power, he every day either composed something, or else tried to deliver in words of his own the already composed thoughts of others. And here he found the benefit of a practice precisely analogous to one

which a great modern orator, Lord Chatham, taught his son. For he soon saw that it was better to take thoughts in another language, and translate them into his own, insuring thus the invention of new words and new phrases. William Pitt translated into English from Greek, Cicero translated into Latin from the same language. In studying to get thoughts, in translating to gain words, and in declaiming to gain tones, he lost not a single day. Probably the history of men cannot show an instance of more unrelenting toil.

The first outbreathing of his genius assumed a somewhat poetical form. Poetry is always at the heart of the true orator; in youth it floods him with ideal splendors, and in his mature manhood it furnishes the rich and purple background of his thoughts, while in his declining age it opens vistas which stretch far back again to the flowery hours of his infancy and hope. In all his career, however practical he may become, we see the shaping of the poet-architect, though the walls of his structures may be Cyclopean in their strength. His sentences and passages which strike fire, or which bloom with beauty, come from the Hesperidean gardens of his heart and his imagination. While Cicero was yet a mere boy he composed a poem called "Glaucus," founded upon a pretty classic myth. It was even thought worth publishing, and survived its author for a hundred years. His playmates called him their scholar-king. But the chief thing by which he was known before this argument against Sylla's *protégé* was a martial poem, in heroic measure, upon his townsman, the warlike but unfortunate Marius. And finally, as soon as he came actually to open his mouth in public, it was seen at once that his mind was stocked with sweet and beautiful sentiments and studies.

In taking up this cause of Roscius, he showed not only ambition, but tact. In an organized state, talent has nothing to encounter so formidable as convention. It is the appointed nature of talent to move out of the regular and established order of things, to set routine and red tape at defiance, and often to startle conservatism by its seeming indecorums. Nothing therefore can be so favorable for a man of talent as an occasion out of the common line of things, "where the file

affords no precedent." Such an hour he must fiercely seize upon, if he would rise. It is the tide which may swamp him, but may also make him. Accordingly, this case was the making of Cicero. From that day the people had their eyes on him; they clamored for him in the street, and they voted for him whenever they saw him in the white garment of the candidate. Not all the sneering of aristocratic young Romans, who called him a new man, an upstart from the rural districts, could put him down. A voice had been heard which combined in its utterances passion, philosophy, learning, and modulation, each seemingly in its utmost possibility of attainment; and that voice was never more to be stilled till the assassins of Antony should seal its lips with death. From that time forward, through glorious days and gloomy days, through the honors of office and the dishonors of dependence, through hours of almost majestic power and hours of almost slavish submission, at the head of the Senate, at the head of the Legions, at the head of the Roman people in the Forum, militant and encamped, in the solitudes of exile and amid the cheerings of triumphal escort, that singular, supreme, sad voice was to ring its mellifluous changes upon the attentive ear of Rome.

But although Cicero had come out thus successfully, he soon began to feel a cause of anxiety growing out of his style of speaking. In his effort to strike the ear and rivet the imagination of his auditors, he grew too vehement in his manner, and, we should judge, screaming in his tone. This tension of the vocal organs soon began to wear upon his health, already delicate from hard study. So, after practising law very successfully for a year, he determined to take the Eastern tour, a trip equivalent among the Romans to the tour of Europe with us. His physician and friends advised him to give up speaking; they assured him he never would be equal to its physical wear and tear. "But," said he, with the true martial spirit of ambition, "I resolved to risk any hazard, rather than yield my hopes of glory; and as I reflected that, by moderating my excessive agitation of body in speaking, and modulating my voice, I could essentially relieve the strain of my elocution, I went to Asia for an opportunity of altering

and improving my manner of address." In Athens and Asia he was an object of marked attention and interest, not only from the reputation he brought with him, which was considerable, but also from the extraordinary displays which he made, as mere exercises, in their schools of eloquence. Masters of celebrated seats of oratoric learning journeyed from a distance to see this young marvel of rhetorical facility; and in his tongue they were forced to recognize with tears a new superiority from that mysterious West, whose iron arm they had already felt. They had submitted to the force of the Western arms, and now they *wept* at the force of these Western words.

When this tour was completed, he found his health much strengthened, and came back to Rome tinged with the high-colored styles of Asiatic thought, but chastened and curbed in the physical exertion of his delivery and action. His ambition, however, was stronger than ever, and he at once renewed his professional practice. But there were many among the military and fighting men of the day, who, observing his academic deportment, his critical taste, and his imposing learning, disparaged his performances. They pronounced him a literary fop, a book-worm, and a Græcist (*Græculus*). To say that a man was Grecianized, was equivalent to saying with us that a man is Frenchified or Germanized. It meant that he was a sort of dandified pedant. But with the mass of the people, and the liberally disposed among the superior classes, the young man won popularity every day. He contrived to charm the ears of the populace and the minds of the intelligent.

He found two orators reigning in the Forum with unrivalled sway, Cotta and Hortensius. Cotta's manner was calm and chaste and correct; that of Hortensius, glittering and glowing with fancy and fervor; he was younger than Cotta, and about eight years older than Cicero. He was manifestly more effective than anybody else in the courts, and for his hour was lord of the ascendant. Him Cicero fastened on as his rival and exemplar. As Themistocles said of Miltiades, his trophies would not let him sleep. They had had one encounter in a trivial case before Cicero went to

Asia, and in that the younger orator had been victorious. But the decisive struggle of their matured energies was yet to come. About a year after his return, while in full practice, Cicero offered himself to his countrymen as a candidate for his first office. This was a pacific year in the history of the military city. The Romans, tired of soldiers, sick of martial splendors, turned with one accord to men of peace; they sought civilians and orators for their chief offices. Cotta stood for the consulship,—the first magistracy; Hortensius sought the aedileship,—the second magistracy; and Cicero the quæstorship,—a magistracy which entitled him to the equipage of office when in his province, and a seat in the Senate when at home. Three great orators and three great offices. All three were elected, but Cicero was chosen by popular acclamation.

Sicily was his province by lot. He went there full of ambitious expectation. His rise in Rome had been so impetuous, that he fancied, as he said some time after, in his *Verrine* oration, that the eyes of the world were on Cicero and his office. While gathering the corn revenue of the Republic among the Sicilians, he found daily time to pursue his rhetorical studies, and was even sensible of a special and local stimulus to such studies; for the land had been famous of old for a school of eloquence, and the people of Sicily, he remarks in his *De Oratore*, were the first people who ever taught rules and shaped out an “Art of Speaking.” After the year of his term, he re-entered Rome with the self-congratulation of a triumph; for he flattered himself that his administration had been signally successful, and that Rome must be on the look-out for nobody so much as *her Cicero*. At the fashionable baths of Baiae, which lay in his route, individuals of his acquaintance whom he fell in with, instead of applauding, met him with the mortifying question, “From Rome or Africa, O Cicero?” To which he replied, with suppressed indignation, “No, from Sicily,” and posted on to the great metropolis which had forgotten him in a twelve-month. It is not surprising that the mighty capital should have dropped him out of mind, when out of sight. When the young Napoleon came back to France from that dazzling

campaign in Italy, in which he made his *début* before Europe, he was for a short time quiet in his little house in Paris. But in the midst of all the salutings and presentings of arms to him, he quietly observed to a friend, "In six months, if I don't do something to keep myself before its eyes, Paris will have forgotten who General Bonaparte is." Cicero did not sulk; he applied himself forthwith to quicken the sluggish memory of the city. Twenty-five years after, in pleading the case of Caius Plancius, he referred to this occurrence in a manner which showed how deep the wound it had given his feelings. "When I heard the question, 'From Africa?'" he said, "I almost dropped on the ground from disappointment and chagrin. But I do not know, your Honors," he continued, addressing the court, "but the matter did me more good; for when I learned that the people of Rome had deaf ears, but sharp eyes, I took care to have them see me enough. I lived in their sight,—I stuck to the Forum; neither my porter nor my sleep was suffered to bar any one from access to me." For five years he adhered strictly to this course, before offering himself as a candidate again. He spoke constantly in the courts and in the Senate. It is to be regretted that all the speeches and arguments of this period are lost. They would have enabled us to mark the successive developments of his rhetorical culture, from his Asian schooling to the time when it all bloomed out in the opening argument against Verres. Meantime he lived the life of a very hard-working professional and ambitious man. He declared that he never had any leisure; that the holidays of others were a change only, not a cessation of his toils. He cultivated men of art and letters, and like most orators, ancient and modern, was very fond of the theatre. He studied and noticed personally the two great actors of the day, Esopus and Porcius, —the tragedian and comedian. Macrobius tells a gossiping story about his entering into a contest with Porcius to see which could express one passion with the greatest variety, by means of the respective tools of their arts, words and pantomime. The author does not tell us the result.

All this time he kept himself full in the sight of the people. Every day the citizen, as he crossed the Forum, might see in

some corner of its ample space, under a sheltering canopy or in the broad shadow of a pillared temple, the Prætor's court erected, and, drawing near, might catch a glimpse of *the new man*, of whose speaking he had heard so much. Daily this man of many hopes and many toils was unveiling his genius to the Romans, and daily, with more and more earnestness of interest, they were turning to look upon the face of Cicero. All the time he was educating himself. When he was not arguing, he was studying or dreaming over the presages of his future,—nourishing “his youth sublime” with golden auguries and delicious imaginings. He had no intimates. Atticus was not yet “My Pomponius,”—and he walked alone. He was made solitary by his genius, and by his conception of intellectual empire. This sequestered him from the common and vulgar interests of men. That which was to set him above men now set him apart from them. Genius is always lonely,—lonely in its heart for ever, lonely as regards companionship in its earlier days only. The child of glory, who feels struggling within him the mighty future, can only reveal it to his fellows by a commensurate career; such a career is its legal and appropriate evidence. Until, by some grand blow, he has made his mark upon the age, men of course will not give him a rank level with his own estimate of himself. He must wait his day, and seize it when it comes as famine seizes food. And thus Cicero waited his hour,—some hour which, by crowded interests, critical emergency, and signal attractiveness, should illustrate for ever the rising reputation of its hero. That hour was hastening on.

The first year in which, by the laws, he was capable of municipal magistracy — his thirty-seventh — had arrived. Once more he unhesitatingly asked the popular suffrage. The offer was promptly responded to by the people, with remarkable unanimity and manifest applause. Thus he became *Ædile*. Hitherto he had been a steadily growing man, with no great, emphatic stroke of triumph; but the first of the memorable moments of his long career was at hand.

Among the many luxurious provinces which owned the sway of the iron race of Rome, Sicily was as rich as it was lovely. Cicero, as *Quæstor* of that province, while gathering

grain for Rome from Sicilian granaries, had been fashionably lionized and sincerely beloved by the islanders. The last Roman governor, Caius Verres, had, in his magistracy, outraged even the loose laws which Rome imposed upon the rulers of her provinces. Accordingly, upon the expiration of his term, the province impeached him before Rome. Two cities only, of all the Sicilian towns, did not join in the prosecution ; they had been bought with executive bribes. With these exceptions, all Sicily implored their former guest to remember their ancient friendship for him, and to join with them in crushing the proud oppressor in the dust. But, on the other hand, that oppressor was of princely rank ; all the nobility of ancient and of recent date was on his side ; all social influence was with him ; great Proconsuls, who had themselves governed, and whoever expected proconsular powers, were with him ; most of the Senate appear to have sided with him ; while in rear of these, but ranking with them, stood all that respectable body of citizens, who, in any state, are disposed to make the best of things as they are, and never want any disturbance of legitimate routine. This mass of influence was fortified and armed with the ill-got spoil and ready riches of the opulent transgressor ; and, to crown the alliance of aristocratic power and uncounted wealth, Hortensius, the oldest and the highest of her orators, was to defend, in the presence of Rome, the most elevated and ~~the~~ worst of her criminals. Against this confederation Cicero was not afraid to take the field ; and against this guilt, thus guarded and thus gilded, he resolved to launch the whole thunder of his genius and his art.

Among the celebrated trials of the world, none has ever been more celebrated than this ; none ever excited in its day more intense and wide-spread interest. The parties to the suit, the subject-matter, and the counsel retained, all contributed their separate elements to this effect. The parties were a nation and a prince,—for the prerogative of Verres had been princely,—and the accusers were a noble province which boasted a national history, and might have risen to imperial importance ; the subject-matter was a crime of the deepest die, committed, not against one person, but against a

whole population,—done, not in one moment of passion, but in many months of oppression long drawn out,—exhibited in the face of the world as upon a scenic stage. To Cicero himself there were some considerations of personal attraction connected with the matter. Aside from his interest in the Sicilians, it was the first time he had ever appeared as prosecutor; he was moreover to confront the nobility, to whose order he did not belong by birth, and who slighted him as palpably as he afterwards bearded them, when, at the close of the case, he published his argument. He knew that great expectation waited on the performance, in such a cause, of one who on ordinary occasions had already shown such powers. Finally, the field of topics which the issue itself threw open to his fertile mind and cultivated oratory abounded in every element of the picturesque, the pathetic, and the powerful in speech.

The day of trial came, and the Praetorian judge, sitting in the space which had been railed off from the open Forum, called on the case. But in all legal proceedings, ancient and modern, delays seem to be of the very essence of the management. The lawyer Hortensius, instead of going on with the case, moved that the conduct of the cause be intrusted to another than Cicero, a man named Cecilius, a Sicilian Jew. He supported the motion on the ground that this Jew had received personal and direct inquiries from the defendant, and therefore had a prior claim. This man was in fact a creature of Verres, and the motion was a trick of the astute lawyer to supplant his formidable adversary by a covert friend. Upon this interlocutory point Cicero delivered his first argument in the matter of Verres. As this was a mere preliminary, not touching the absolute merits of the subject-matter, the public attention was not much fastened upon it, especially as Cicero successfully met it in a quiet manner, and rather with raillery and sarcasm than by any labored effort. This dilatory plea being set aside, and Cicero decreed to be the advocate, he was then, according to the course of Roman proceedings, to get up his evidence. For that purpose he was allowed three months. In that time he ransacked Sicily for documents and witnesses. Before its expiration he was ready with his evidence, his brief, and his rhetoric, and at home again, courting

the conflict. Hortensius, his client, and his partisans, began to tremble at such alarming energy and celerity.

The day of final trial at length arrived. There was the same court in the same superb Forum. But far and wide around the elevated platform of the bench, beyond the central rostrum, and far even into the recesses of the pillared porticos and the gay arcades of shops, glittering with costly merchandise, a multitude personally interested in the event of the suit crowded with clamorous solicitude. Upon the gilded rostrum and the broad landing-places of the steps of the public buildings close at hand, they saw assembled many of the noblest families of Rome, and many of her famous men. The aristocracy were anxious, and the great men were curious. In front of the *Prætor* and the assistant Senators who were the judges, sat three men, who seemed that day the focus of all the multitudinous eyes of Rome. Caius Verres, the governor, sat there a prisoner; a large man, bloated with sensuality and excess. By his side was the man, at that time, of the first forensic reputation in the world,—his counsel Hortensius, a gentlemanly person, redolent of high and luxurious life; with them were two friends, representatives of the ancient families who befriended the defendant, a Scipio and a Metellus. Opposite, and alone, was that pale, worn figure, with closely girded toga, which, ten years before, more wan and worn even than now, the Romans had beheld slowly rising in the same place, to brave the most dazzling despot who had ever wielded the whole terrors of imperial law. Resolute and confident, though agitated and anxious, as they had seen him then, they saw him now.

At length there was a hush, and over the surging crowds the crier made proclamation of the case. The light was glancing across the vast quadrangle of the Forum, and lighted his bloodless features, as Marcus Tullius Cicero stood up. It fell upon the proud temples which formed the horizon of the scene; it glittered on the spoils of Sicily and the barbaric East accumulated there; it lit up the stony faces of the images of heroes placed around. Trophy and temple, image and statue, all mute and marble as they were, seemed to reflect the universal interest. Over the tossing sea of heads,

the glancing radiance showed the features and the dress of classic and of Eastern nations. Sicily was there, and Italy was there; even Asia Minor, a sister victim of sister vices, had sent her delegations to look on; Achaians and Athenians were there, to hear of the costly and precious gems of art which the infamous governor had ravished from their neighbors; every man interested in any opulent province, every man interested in exquisite works of art, every Roman interested in justice or injustice,—all were there; victor and vanquished confronted each other,—the Sicilian looked upon the Roman, and the Roman, in the plenitude of his condescension, seemed about to administer a princely equity to the province which was his beautiful slave. Never did this world's sunlight sparkle on a more impressive forensic scene.

Not Herodotus, when in the days of Marathon he read to the gathered tribes of Greece, at the great Olympic Games, the inaugural history of the race, beheld a greater or more splendid audience of persons or of interests. There the inventor of history read a story never to be forgotten to a listening nation whom he helped to immortalize; and here the first of living speakers was to grapple with a young adversary, to whom another nation owes a portion of its immortality.

But that vast and splendid concourse was destined to a partial disappointment. For many hundred years the world has been reading the argument of Cicero against Verres; but when the sun sank behind the temples on that day, neither Verres nor that magnificent assemblage had heard it. For Cicero, who was as good a master of forensic arts as of forensic arms, delivered only an opening and explanatory address, then called his witnesses, referred to his documents, read his depositions, took down his evidence, and rested there. He declined to argue the case further. This turn was a masterpiece. He had most voluminous and decisive evidence, and he had divided his subject into six long, minute, and comprehensive divisions of thought, upon each of which his speech was ready. But he had got a hint of another snare laid for him by the cunning of Hortensius. The judicial year was drawing to a close. Could the defence protract the trial till the new year opened, Hortensius, who had already been elected, would

be the first magistrate of the city, and more compliant judges would be appointed. It was to baffle this device that Cicero made but an opening argument, and only presented his invincible proofs. In this address he had so clearly distributed them, and he presented them in such logical sequence and lucid order,—they were so many, so minute, and so overwhelming, and finally so corroborated by his own confidence, apparent in his declining to argue upon them,—that, long before he had ended his examination, the defendant had ended all his hopes. When final judgment was called for, the great criminal, who had fixed the eyes of three nations upon him, was not to be found. He had fled into a self-imposed banishment.

Cicero's victory was complete. There had not been overmuch speaking in the case, but enough to give an attentive nation a confident certainty of his capacity. The trial had been of such signal attraction, that his success marked him the first of the Romans in the arts of peace. The Sicilians stamped his head, encircled with a laurel, on a silver medal, with an apt legend, illustrating the salvation of Sicily in the destruction of Verres. Two speeches he had made, and the rest he published. They were universally read, and they fixed his eminent position for ever. Those speeches, as we now read them in another land and a new language, exhibit the wonderful affluence and variety of his powers. There are very few extravagant passages in them; but they are full of picturesque ornaments, of biting sarcasm, and of railing banter, and they close with a commanding invective upon the unlawful "punishments" which Verres had inflicted upon a Roman citizen. To the well informed they evinced vast learning, critical taste, method, and a close grasp of his thought; while in their amplifications they made the distant transgression palpable and present, and gratified the fancy of the less cultivated. The governor of Sicily had enhanced the guilt of his rapacity with an act of audacious cruelty; he had dared to crucify a citizen of Rome, and, to add a moral torture to bodily pangs, the cross had been made to face that proud Italy, whose banner boasted itself the inviolable shelter of her citizen, on land and sea. Thus had Verres crucified a

Roman in sight of Italy, and for this Cicero, by his immortal plea, has pilloried Verres in sight of civilization.

It often happens that a man makes great advances in public estimation, which do not appear until — the signal being given by some conspicuous moment — the concurrent expression of that opinion which individuals have been long cherishing invests him with a new honor and stamps him with an accredited nobility. Cicero had not spoken much in this case, but so many eyes were turned upon him that it seems to have virtually given him the diploma of the primacy of Roman orators. Henceforth Cicero was a name to flatter and to fear. The youthful and the democratic element in the state turned toward him, — was disposed to lean on him. Young Rome began to love him, — Rome that stood by “the ill-girt youth,” the boy-Pontiff; — that followed young Cæsar with fond eyes, as loosely and luxuriously clad he swept across the Forum. The ancient families also, Senatorial Rome, Rome mature and majestic, now turned its dignified regards upon the new man from Arpinum. He might well be proud; solitary and single-handed he had done it all.

Thus far we have critically followed him in the struggling and educating period of his life, — its most interesting phase. Henceforth, his history is but a record of displays on the acknowledged plane of eminence which he had reached, and which he has ever since occupied in the estimation of his own and succeeding generations.

When two years older, Cicero became eligible to the Bench, and was chosen to preside over those very Praetors whom he had addressed in the case of Verres. While Praetor, he encountered Hortensius again, and met for the first time the gaze of assembled Rome in front of the great rostrum in a purely popular question. It is a striking admonition to the rampant confidence of oratoric fledglings of the present day, that not till now, in his thirty-ninth year, did the first citizen of Rome think himself fit to address the great assembly which represented the popular majesty of the state. In the opening of this oration, advocating the grant of plenipotentiary powers to Pompey as Generalissimo in the East, he beautifully expressed this diffidence and distrust of himself

before that formidable public of the Commonwealth. The aristocracy, of whom Pompey was not yet the darling or defender, of course opposed the Oriental dictatorship with which it was proposed to invest him. It has been in all time the wont of aristocracy to crush youthful talent while struggling in its cradle, and to fawn before it when it has conquered its crown. Hortensius also withheld the proposition with all the force of his diction, the beauty of his action, and the sympathies of his established popularity. But Cicero painted over again those pages of the Roman history which recorded happy results accruing from a dictator's supreme powers; he evoked before them an image of the glorious commander whose bright supremacy no Cæsar had yet challenged,—an image as vivid in their imagination as that which afterwards received upon its stony front the expiating life-blood of his conqueror. Then the orator pointed to the East, whose armies were the subject of the controversy,—the lands symbolical of luxury, of vastness, of grandeur,—the East, whose jewelled satrapies had recovered their lustre and their power from the feeble hands of Alexander's heirs,—the now victorious East, which, under the mighty Mithridates, threatened the banners of the Senate with a vigor equal to her charms. And again Hortensius bowed his stately head in forced submission. The commission went forth; it created Pompey Imperator of the East, it virtually created Cicero sole Regent of the West.

It is a noticeable and interesting fact, bearing upon the state of public taste at this time, as well as upon Cicero's own oratorical assiduity, that even now, thus elevated and thus official as he was, he frequented and practised in the school of a well-known rhetorician, and, according to Suetonius, found there many of the first men of the day engaged in the same pursuit. Imagine a United States President snatching an evening a week to attend the private instruction of a Kemble or a Vandenhoff, and we may realize the position which the great Roman was only too happy to occupy in the meridian of a magnificent prosperity.

In the ascending gradation of Roman honors there was but one legitimate step more,—the Consulship. Only one

more beam of lustre could burn upon a Roman's brow; that beam consummated the brightness of his diadem. From the days when the Republic first spread her banner, with the great letters S. P. Q. R. upon its face, the Consul had been the supreme embodiment of all her executive faculties. Now, in her conquering pomp, her Consuls presiding over that Senate, which the warrior Pyrrhus aptly called a "Senate of Kings," were invested with more real grandeur than the showy dynasties of the Orient could concentrate on the occupants of their golden thrones, though far outshining "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind." To that high eminence of majesty Cicero now aspired, at about the age at which the American Republic makes the Presidency possible to its citizens. With a view to this object, he spoke often, and cultivated popular arts. He seems, however, to have hardly needed the aid of arts to ingratiate himself with the people. When he offered himself as a candidate, with six competitors,—four of them of noble birth,—he was chosen without even a count of the wooden ballots on which the voters had written his name. It seemed as if the acclamations with which, fifteen years before, the people had chosen him *Quæstor*, had only rolled along like a tide, redoubling in volume, and reverberating more and more loudly as they broke at the foot of each successive chair of state to which their swelling impulse bore him. But how fragile is honor's hope! His father, a good old man, whose paternal pride found all its joy in anticipating his son's promotion among the children of victory, died just as the letters carved upon the stone tablets announced to Rome that her first orator was her first magistrate,—just as those letters announced to Cicero himself that the fond passion he had nursed in dreams of brooding ambition had passed from a burning expectancy to a cold, clear fact. Henceforth the legend of his life was,—Cicero, Consul.

The capital event of his magistracy was the suppression of the conspiracy of Catiline. The orations which he levelled at the head of that profligate traitor are in every school-book of oratory, and the story of the conspiracy, so far as it can be known, is known to all. The fourth and last of the speeches is noticeable, as the only occasion recorded on which he

ever directly crossed arms with Julius Cæsar in a purely oratoric controversy. Cæsar was vehement against the capital punishment of Catiline's comrades,—Cicero favored it. It must have been a memorable collision,—the first man of the Forum parrying the arguments of the foremost man of the world. 'The conspirators died by the hand of the law in the Mamertine dungeons.

The remainder of the life of this pattern orator naturally divides itself into two periods, partitioned by the battle of Pharsalia and the inauguration of the empire. Until, by the passage of the Rubicon and the year's fighting which succeeded, Cæsar had spread his imperial mantle over all the republican forms, oratory shared with war the alternate sway of Rome. Cicero, as ex-Consul, spoke as often as before. A little incident now lets us into one secret of oratory. It happened immediately after his resumption of civil life. He had engaged to argue a very important case,—no less a cause than the defence of the Consul who succeeded him in the highest magistracy, Murena, against a charge of procuring his election by corruption. Hortensius was retained on the other side. The case excited as much interest as would now the impeachment of a Judge of the Supreme Court, or the arraignment of a President for bribery. So keen had been Cicero's anxiety and nervousness in preparing the argument, that he could not sleep the whole night previous. Accordingly, he came into court unnerved and unstrung; and, for the first time in ten years, Hortensius had clearly the advantage of him.

On leaving the highest office of the state, he was not disposed to relax his toils or resign his oratoric altitude of power. As he had risen by exertion, he would now reign by exertion. He would be ever the power behind the throne. Whoever might be the nominal magistrate, Cicero would be acknowledged as possessing sovereign influence. Had he not saved Rome from sack and from the baleful supremacy of Catiline's silver eagle? Was he not indubitably her first citizen? Did not the world acknowledge him its first orator? Therefore the fires in his eye should not deaden, the furrowed brow should not relax. Still should the armed

tongue volley forth its imperative thunders, and the out-stretched arm be clothed with the old autocracy. But alas! for him there was now no longer any future. He was still the same as when in the plenitude of his early hopes he had confronted the royal Sylla,—the same, with unabated energy and completed discipline; but for him no future any longer smiled. Another luminary was rising and about to appear in the ascendant with more dazzling brightness. To that other man of destiny, “the ill-girt boy,” all honors but the last already had been given. One more circle of the official year was to crown *him* also Consul,—Glamis he was and Cawdor should be,—the greater was behind; and the glories of that “greater” were destined for a time entirely to eclipse the mild effulgence of the orator.

It is singular that Cicero should have been so long unsuspicuous of Julius Cæsar’s thoughts of empire. About six years after his consulship there was a debate in the Senate of ominous significance. The proposition was moved to take away one or both of the Gaulish provinces in which Cæsar had command, and out of which he was making a training-ground of revolutionary legions. In opposition to nearly the whole Senate, Cicero advocated Cæsar’s continued command. He expatiated on his triumphs, and descanted with much simplicity on the patriotism which was willing to tarry out there in rude Gaul, and fight for the dear republic. And it was solely owing to the influence of his eloquence that those military provinces, the school of the soldier, remained to Cæsar. A short time previous, he had made, among other speeches, one of singular and poetic beauty. It was the well-known and often quoted argument for the citizenship of the poet Archias, his old schoolmaster, and now his friend. That beautiful tribute to poetry and letters was the spontaneous effervescence of his tasteful and cultivated genius. He discharged himself at the outset from all obligation to argue strictly the precise issue which the case presented, and preferred a general license to talk of whatever he pleased in connection with his eulogy of the claimant as a man of letters. Thus emancipated from the chains of severe logic, he revelled at will in poetic conceit, historical

allusions, and proud appeals to national and personal honor; winding up his tribute to letters with the suggestive apothegm, "Life without books is death." Another of his arguments separates itself from the general line of average forensic debates by its wit and humor, and original thought. It immediately preceded the plea for Cæsar, and was made in defence of a gay young *protégé* of his, named Cælius. This youth had a falling out with his mistress, who, by way of revenge, accused him of trying to poison her. She, though dissolute, was of high descent, and a most effective point of the speech accordingly was Cicero's picture of one of her renowned ancestors, stooping from his abode in Elysium, to behold and to reproach her. Of this speech, Charles James Fox, the great orator of the British Commons, always professed a lively admiration. He says in a letter to a friend, "I know of no speech of Cicero more full of beautiful passages." The same nervous sensibility which the orator showed in the defence of the chief magistrate, Murena, he also exhibited in the trial of Milo, who had killed the notorious demagogue Clodius in a street brawl. Such was the popular excitement at this trial, that Pompey, the martial friend of the Senate, occupied all the Forum and the avenues opening upon it with his soldiers and guards; but, although they were not inimical to Cicero, the presence of so many warriors, and the clash of glistening steel, extinguished the ardor of his confidence, and baffled his self-possession. He spoke but poorly.

But the hour was near when Cæsar and his Gaulish legionaries were to pass the Rubicon.

After the event of Pharsalia, Cicero was virtually silenced, as Hortensius had been in the presence of Sylla. He was indeed much respected by Cæsar's all-embracing sagacity; but his ambition was of that temper that could not brook subordination; and the august Julius now filled the whole scene of his supreme dominion. Cicero spoke in the Senate and before the Emperor not unfrequently, but without much enthusiasm. He occupied himself in musing and in writing. But in the pardon of the old soldier Ligarius, who had borne arms in Thessaly and Africa against the man of empire, he

won a success which must have freshened the wilted laurels of his long renown. As he spoke, the imperial chieftain trembled on his seat ; and when he closed, the pardon was recorded with the seal of Cæsar.

But the hours of the Dictator were counted. His purple proved but the painted trappings of the victim ; his temple, his altar, his priest, his statue with the kings, his image with the gods, were a solemn mockery. The dagger fell ; the victim sunk at the base of the great statue in the Forum, and Brutus raised his bronzed arm, and called aloud on Cicero and *Liberty*.

And now, standing on the wreck of the past, the great speaker could once more send his voice around the Forum and the temples unawed and unabashed. He was old, but in presence of these events he became young. His early energy and enthusiasm seem to have returned. The fall of Empire, the reinauguration of *Liberty*,—this thought seemed to pour fresh blood into his veins. It was *his Liberty, his Republic, his Rome again*,—the Rome which in the days of Catiline had called him father,—“Roma parentem, Roma Patrem Patriæ Ciceronem libera dixit.” How enthusiastically, and with what paternal solicitude, he urged the young Octavius to reinstate the Republic, history weeps to tell ; for no panegyrics on that prince can hide the fact that, though he found Rome brick and left it marble, that *marble* was Cicero’s tomb. But how vehemently, how brilliantly, and for a time how victoriously, Cicero rallied the Romans against the threatening usurpation of Antony ; how he propitiated the legions which stood firm for the Republic ; how, while the balance of war trembled, his eye took in every person of consequence at home and abroad, and his prompt tongue gave him the proper recognition ; how he glowed and radiated over the assembly when irresolution chilled the public counsels ; and how, like the ring of their trumpets, he pealed forth to the people the victories of the Senate’s legions ;—all this is embodied and revealed in those fourteen philippics which filled the measure of the months from Cæsar’s slaughter to his own assassination. One only, the second of those addresses to the Senate and the people, was not actually delivered. The rest were

vollied forth on Antony and all his coadjutors. They are the most sustained and varied strains of invective ever heard by man. The full quality of the orator shone out in them. He had every motive for forensic exertion. He had everything to gain,—he had little to lose. Life without liberty had for him no comfort longer. With difficulty he had endured the regal state of that awful brow, “whose bend did awe the world.” Never could he sit passive beneath the frown of a meaner autocrat. This period, therefore, forms an appropriate close to his great life. It is a period of almost agonizing eloquence, of moral sovereignty, and of patriotic love. It was the brief, bright twilight ere his sun went down beneath the near horizon.

We have space but for a very summary analysis of the leading elements of his oratory. The eloquence of Cicero embodies the most liberal and learned thinking of antiquity,—the best sentiments expressed in the purest Latin. He may almost be said to have organized the Latin language. He certainly developed and perfected it. When it seemed necessary, he coined new words; he constantly invented new phrases and forms of expression. His style is flowing and transparent,—a pellucid stream which, though sometimes foaming and roughened, is always the true mirror of the thought. Many call him flowery, in contrast with Demosthenes, who is called severe. But Cicero is not flowery in the sense of mere ornamentation. Diffuse he is, and copious, but all his matter helps on the argument. He is not so compact or cogent in his logic as Demosthenes, but he always is argumentative. The line of his battle is long drawn out with forces of many colors, but it is an organized line. There are no show troops that cannot fight. Demosthenes wields a few thoughts compacted together, inflamed with terrible lightnings, and hurled like cannon-balls. Cicero fires along the whole line with missiles of various force, and with varying effects,—but the *whole line* fires.

The sources and the material of his speeches unfold, directly or indirectly, the whole learning and the whole thinking of the classic ages. It is plain that he knew everything that was known in his day, and it is also plain that his mind was ever

working within itself, assimilating old material and creating new. This wisdom and thinking was inspired and brightened by enthusiasm, by lofty national sentiment, and by the intensest personal ambition. He knew how to touch the Romans in their personal and patriotic pride ; he knew how to paint great views of national prosperity, historical or prophetic ; he knew, also, the secrets of mens' hearts, and with subtle tact he often played on the pulses of humanity. He had undoubtedly a large and masterly understanding. He could argue closely and severely, but his taste and his tact taught him to work his understanding into popular forms. The Romans were not a thinking people. Vivid touches of fancy, passionate appeals to their masculine instincts, and a voluble and pictorial vehemence, were the master-keys to their soldierly impulses. Those who cultivated a dry, close, hard method, called it Attic ; but when an Attic speaker addressed the assembly, there was no enthusiasm, and the Forum was nearly empty. When the Asian manner was exhibited, with its stamping foot and fluttering gown and flashing eyes, murmurs of acquiescence undulated over the eager crowd.

Cicero was not distinctively a *natural* orator. He was an orator of intellect, not of impulse. His orations all smell of the lamp. But he was a greater man than the orator of instinct ; though a lesser orator because a greater man. His speaking is all bookish. His orations, as a body, are level, and they sometimes seem even flat. In reading them, we feel that they lack the quality of gushing spontaneity. Much of his eloquence — considered in an oratorical, not a literary, point of view — seems set and formal, grandiose and pretentious. While his declamation is always apt and somewhat telling, it is still plainly declamation. But though Cicero was not spontaneous, and was artificial, he never failed to be very effective ; and *success* is the test of oratory after all. He had completely studied his art. He had seen that, to win the altitude of his ambition, he must either wield words which were half-battles, or swords which were whole battles, and he chose words ; he had no alternative. To a man of literary and intellectual tastes, tormented with sympathies and glowing with life, there was then no other theatre possible than the Forum.

Literature had no specific hold on Rome, as it had on Greece. To make literature tell in Rome, it must be immediately connected with some of the great activities of the day. Otherwise the tramp of the triumph, the onward sweep of the banners upheld by the proud patricians, and the prodigal luxury of a conqueror's life, shut the Roman's eyes to all less obtrusive glories. Had there been then, as now, a world-wide arena of literary fame, Cicero might possibly have been content with it. But at that time even history had little prestige, and no rhetorical merit. It was a dry collection of facts. Cicero puts in the mouth of Antonius, in the *De Oratore*, the expression, "History has made no figure in our language."

Cicero then was a workman who manufactured his oratory, not a creator. Still, the manufacture was the ultimate reach and last perfection of art. It is clear that he fully understood the whole secret of oratory, and had a most sensitive appreciation of all its theory and points. In his treatises on the subject, he gives precepts which are just as applicable to the platforms of young America as of ancient Rome, and which will be practical for ever. His observations on the proper mode of practice for beginners,—how much more mischievous than no practice is bad practice; on the quaking panics of all good speakers; on the due proportion to be maintained between the prepared and extempore matter; on the impossibility of the speaker's moving others, without feeling more deeply himself; on his inflaming himself by his own words; on the danger of saying *too much*, or saying the wrong thing,—a danger now felt most forcibly in addressing juries; on the propriety of putting your strong points *first*, instead of last,—a reversal of the common practice, but one which we have heard a great living speaker recommend, and seen him successfully practise; and finally, how, while the orator's *nominal* attack is always upon the understanding, topics of conciliation and excitement are to be mingled up with it, as lifeblood permeates the system;—all these particulars, and many others, reveal his practical and sagacious control of his whole art. These precepts and his successes show how fully he had oratorized and Romanized himself, for he was by taste and culture Greek, not Latin. In his earlier visits to Athens,

there was a time when he seriously thought of abandoning oratory, and settling down to the calm pursuit of letters in an Athenian Tusculum, and Plutarch says he often told his friends not to call him orator, but philosopher. He was the greatest man of letters who has ever cultivated oratory.

His whole conception of the orator is exhibited, in the Dialogue on Oratory, by Crassus,— a man represented as being of universal erudition, infinite address, and exquisite sympathy. Into the mouth of Antonius, on the other hand, Cicero puts the description of a practical, natural orator,— a man not learned, but fervent, apt, magnetic. We remember to have heard an experienced judge of popular effects and their causes say, that, upon Cicero's own showing and description, this Antonius would be a more effective speaker than the other party to the dialogue, his favorite Crassus. The critic, although a very learned and accomplished orator himself, observed that profound learning often proved itself rather a stumbling-block than a prop to the speaker. Antonius represents the orator of action and fervor,— Crassus, the orator whose power is in his thought and rhetorical culture. There is distinctively an eloquence of character and a literary eloquence, and there are combinations of these in varying proportions. Sometimes character and activity are the primal motive-springs in a man, and literature only incidental ; sometimes literary activities are chief, and action acquired and incidental. Men of the former class are often dependent upon the occasion ; their speech takes its force, vitality, and interest from some present deed,— some crisis to which it points, or of which it is born. Such was Julius Cæsar. The latter class is composed of men whose minds are eloquent in themselves ; they are idealists, dreamers, rhetoricians ; they love to live in their thoughts, their broodings, their libraries. Such was Marcus Tullius Cicero. With all his masterly understanding, he clearly was not what could be called a man of action. On his inquiring face and kindly features was stamped the superscription of the sage, not the sovereign. When the aspiring Julius walked into the Temple of Concord, his head was high, his robes seemed flaunting with his movements like the banner in a victor's march, his lordly eyes

were suffused with a haughty confidence, and his proud lips looked as if bound with iron. When the Consul Cicero followed him into the Senate, he moved with the port of a philosopher and the conscious serenity of a saint. But in all vital oratory there must be some force of character, either inborn and permanent, as in Cæsar, or artificial, occasional, and the result of excitement, as in Cicero.

Although Cicero was a trimmer and timid, yet had he, nevertheless, a reserved force in his constitution, and in critical moments and for a short time it was very likely to appear in a manner equally astonishing to friend and foe. In his first criminal case,—the argument against the favorite of the Dictator Sylla,—he stood unflinching before that sovereign eye. To this unaltered steadfastness the aspiring blood of youth for the moment nerved him. In his conquest of Verres, panoplied as by a prætorian band in the midst of his patrician friends, he was remorseless, unsparing, and unfaltering. Not if he had heard the tramp of twenty legions behind that oiled and shining criminal would he have held his tongue. He had then his national name to make. In his whole Consular campaign — for it was a campaign, though conducted in the Forum instead of the field — against Catiline, he was courageous, alert, and utterly careless of personal consequences. He knew that, at every discharge of his invective against that band of traitors, fresh daggers thirsted for his heart's blood ; but his denunciation was none the less scorching, deadly, sudden. Well might he boast, long after, "I did not fear the daggers of Catiline, I will not fear the assassins of Antony." The Catilinian conspiracy, because it was a failure, seems insignificant, and ranks with that of Benedict Arnold or Aaron Burr ; but had Cicero faltered on his Consular throne, the silver eagle of the traitors would have stooped with outstretched wing upon the Roman Capitol. In the foreground of that cabal was the delicate face and rakish robe of the dissolute captain ; but behind Catiline, in the wizard vision of Cicero, as now to the calm vision of history, loomed out the colossal outlines of a grander, a more formidable, a more memorable form. When the gay and guilty Catiline, wavering under the awful blows of Cicero's

invective, burst out of the Senate, *he left the arch-conspirator behind him.*

In the final scene of Cicero's life, his philippics against Mark Antony were as bold as they were bitter. He showed himself full of the spirit with which Brutus had apostrophized him, as he tore the dagger-blade from the Emperor's gaping wound. The twelfth Philippic especially is conceived in the same spirit and key with the famous "sink-or-swim" speech which Mr. Webster attributes to the orator of our Revolution. Cicero's conception of liberty, to be sure, was not a democratic idea. It was liberty for the Senate and the upper classes, not for the multitude. It was for the laws of the ancient constitution, and the rights of the ancient Senator, not for the inalienable rights of the plebeian, and the Roman as a man, that he contended. But for liberty, as he conceived it, he battled and he bled; and he spoke for it, unshaken to the last, in the face of Antony, of death, and of conspiracy. He spoke for it in the same spirit as that in which John Adams spoke for the liberty of America,—as that in which Patrick Henry thundered at the third George. They spoke with halters on their necks, and red-coat regiments holding the royal sceptre before them. He spoke with the keen sword of Antony before his eyes, and the crimson banners of Caesar's legions in the background.

We have spoken of the matchless clearness of Cicero's style; of its vast and prodigal variety of material; of the character of his argumentation, not closely logical, but logically calculated to reach the will through the ear, the heart, and the fancy; of the artificial yet practical character of his oratory; of the vital force latent in his character, manifesting itself always in the moment of his utterance, and sometimes wonderfully, in the oratoric conduct of his life.

Yet one consideration we will add, as necessary to a right understanding of his success as an orator. Though bookish and artificial, he had the power to give his productions the air of off-hand naturalness and spontaneity. This is the touchstone of the orator. If a public speaker has the genius to make carefully prepared oratory live again, so that no one

who hears is conscious of the lamp,— if he has the power to modify it at the moment of utterance in accordance with circumstances as they rise before him, to interject occasional sallies of vivifying present sympathy and impromptu allusions, and thus to work his material and to conquer with it,— he is an orator. His literary tastes may have led him to make careful preparation, but he shows that he has within him the power of extemporization, demanding only use and culture. Cicero's oratory must have been in appearance at least natural and unforced, or it could never have been so signally effective as it was on the will and passions, often leading to instantaneous action,— effective not only with tumultuous crowds, with the Forum, and with the Senate, but in presence of a single judge, the *prætor*, or before the imperial prince. An audience is only an individual multiplied,— a multitudinous individual, so to speak; and must be won, and braved, and bullied, like a single hearer. He who is not effective as a natural talker to an individual man or woman, could never conquer an audience; the tones and thoughts with which a great orator produces his winning or daring effects on an audience, are the same as those with which a man makes love, or a woman makes war.

An example of Cicero's power of extemporaneous speech occurred at the moment of his entering on the Consulship. For three hundred years it had been the desire of the Roman people to carry an agrarian law, dividing among them the public lands obtained by conquest. A democratic tribune, Rullus, had at length presented a bill to that effect. Uncontrolled excitement and enthusiastic exultation ruled the hour. But in the midst of the raging clamor, rising over the outcries of the tossing Forum, the modulated voice of Cicero was heard. He spoke twice,— the people heard him, and, like savages or wild animals before an acknowledged master, they yielded to the power of his words. The law was absolutely voted down, by the very rabble to whose passions its flattering promise was addressed. A speech which Quintilian mentions, but which perished in the wreck of the Republic, and was never recovered, must have been remarkably successful in the delivery. Not merely, says Quintilian, with

strong, but with shining armor, did Cicero contend in the great cause of "Cornelius." It was a speech in defence of a public officer indicted for corruption, and was delivered through four days, in presence of an immense concourse of people, who uttered their plaudits repeatedly, like echoes responding to its salient points. When the innocent children of those whom the imperial Sylla had proscribed presented their claims for relief from the disabilities to which they were subjected, Cicero admitted their justice, but opposed their petition on political grounds; and such was his marvellous power of persuasion, that, as Pliny says, when *he* had been heard, the children of the proscribed themselves "repented having asked for their legitimate rights and honors." But perhaps his most striking display of spontaneous eloquence was that occasioned by the statute which gave to the knights reserved seats at the public spectacles. The people were frantic at this preference, and the vast amphitheatre resounded with their rage. The great orator was walking in his garden when he heard of the tumult. He hastened to the scene of disturbance,—he presented his well-known form and features to the agitated rioters. It acted upon them like the reading of the riot act and the front of a regiment on a modern mob. He lifted his voice, he besought all who loved Cicero and loved law to come with him; and he led the way to the light and graceful Temple of Bellona. There he spoke to the assembled crowd. The speech is lost. Only one of its topics is even hinted at in the writings of antiquity;—that was the indecorum of a Roman's making any disturbance when the national actor, Roscius, was upon the stage. Other than this we know not what he said; but we know what is more important, that he turned completely the tide of the popular feeling, and that the conquered multitude accompanied him back to the expectant theatre, clapping their hands, and absolutely applauding the obnoxious knights as they took their disputed seats.

Cicero is always compared with Demosthenes. But they were essentially different. Cicero's idea was forensic splendor, splendor of thought and splendor of achievement; that of Demosthenes forensic soldiership. Cicero mounts the rostrum with

his toga arranged, with a flourish of gesture and an attitude of display. Demosthenes appears on the Bema as a champion, with his sword drawn, oiled, and girt, and ready for the fight. Business or war were his exclusive topics. But business and war were by no means Cicero's exclusive topics. The spacious circuit of his thought extended beyond the present moment, and far outside of the Roman walls. Had Cicero been narrower and more intense, he might have been more immediately effective. He was not a mere Roman, nor yet a mere orator. He was a citizen of the permanent and universal republic of letters. Demosthenes knew only two things, thought of only two things, loved only two things,—Athens and eloquence. He was for Athens, right or wrong, Athens everywhere and always. "Our country, however bounded and by whatever waters washed," was his motto. But Cicero did not give "up to country what was meant for mankind." He knew many things and loved many things, he spoke for many lands and for all time; and therefore he speaks to-day, and men of lofty sentiment and liberal culture listen to him with a fond appreciation, akin to the love of Atticus and Brutus for him in his own day. His mind was twenty centuries in advance of his age; and as in the time of Quintilian, according to that writer, so now, in the broadest blaze of modern civilization, the extent of a man's culture may be measured by his knowledge and appreciation of Cicero.

The best test of the vigor and originality of his mind are his thoughts on the relation of man to God. In an age when even the magnificent intellect of Julius Cæsar could not raise its view to a level with the thought of immortality, and caught no believing glimpses of a future and a judicial Deity, Cicero reposed on both these ideas with the faith of an accurate vision. In that sensual age and squalor of the soul, how large and liberal and beautiful it must have seemed to his contemporaries to hear him talk of the shadowy future, of his hopes, and the consciousness of a glory yet to be harvested from admiring posterity. To them,—disbelievers, materialists,—it must have seemed as curious and remote, as if an orator should speak now to us with prompt confidence

and glowing particularity of the *past states* of our personal existence.

It has been said that his influence in literature is passing away,—that soon he will be only a name and a great shade. We do not believe in this eclipse. While civilization endures, his felicities of composition, his words, his thoughts, so striking, so witty, and so clear, will embellish and flavor the composition of cultivated men. Even those who do not personally study him will indirectly, through other books and other men, be influenced by him. And the influence of his example of studious enthusiasm, of devotion to oratory, of a joy in abstract ideals, rather than the gilded sensualities of more earthly pursuits, will long survive. As Tacitus says of Agricola, “It remains and will remain an immortal possession.”

Cicero in his lifetime had no adequate reward. His wreath, when at last he grasped it, turned into cypress. But if now, from that uncurtained future which his eyes in vain endeavored to explore, he is permitted to look back, he may gather his trophies, not from Rome, but from the world. And that great heart, so insatiable of glory, may be satisfied at last with applause for ever repeated, as successive generations arise and hail the name of Tully with grateful recognition.

ART. III.—UNITARIANISM,—PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

1. *Der Socinianismus, nach seiner Stellung in der Gesamtentwicklung des Christlichen Geistes, nach seinem historischen Verlauf, und nach seinem Lehrbegriff.* Dargestellt von OTTO FOCK, Lic. Theol. Privatdocent an der Universität Kiel. 2 vols. 1847.
2. *A Half-Century of the Unitarian Controversy.* By GEORGE E. ELLIS. Boston. 1857.
3. *Studies of Christianity.* By JAMES MARTINEAU. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1858.

THE works whose titles are given above present to us Unitarianism as it was, as it is, and as, in our belief, it is to be.

Otto Fock's book is, so far as we know, the first attempt at a systematic exposition of Socinianism, and it is done in a style that will render unnecessary further essays in this direction. Such material as there was,— and there was a great deal, as everybody knows who has but seen the towering folios of the *Fratres Poloni*,— he has collected, kneaded, and compressed into these two volumes of moderate size and admirable arrangement. The first volume, beginning with a statement of the essential difference between Paganism and Christianity, then indicating the track pursued by Christianity in its historical development through Romanism and Protestantism, and the two types of Protestant doctrine, the Lutheran and the Reformed, points out the sources from which Socinianism naturally sprung, assigns to it its place in the line of Christian thought, and briefly tells the story of its fortunes in Italy, Poland, Holland, England, and America, closing with a sketch of Theodore Parker's system, and of the doctrine of the "New School." The second volume is devoted to the Socinian theology, of which it makes a complete and satisfactory exhibition, the whole matter being scientifically set forth, and every point being fully illustrated by abundant quotations, and references to authoritative writings. In one respect only the author, we are inclined to think, has failed to render all the credit due to the system he is expounding. While he cordially admits, and brings distinctly into view, the positive, spiritual elements of the Socinian theology, he regards them in the light of inconsistencies, and gives to them too little prominence as characteristic portions of the scheme, at once attesting its origin, and denoting its place in the unfolding of the Christian consciousness. Christianity, he says, did what Paganism never succeeded in doing. It reconciled the Infinite and the finite; it brought man and God together. Paganism constantly tended to a separation between heaven and earth; Christianity united heaven and earth. But early Christianity— Christianity under the form of Catholicism— stood upon Pagan ground, assumed that a breach existed between man and God, and attempted to close it by the formal and empirical device of sacraments. Protestantism made a great advance on this. Its doctrine of Justification by Faith revived the original idea

of the Church, reasserted the substantial harmony of God with man, and opened a door by which God might freely pass into every soul. But from Protestantism itself the Pagan element was not entirely eradicated. And presently we find it giving birth to two distinct types of doctrine,—the Lutheran, which represented the purely Christian sentiment of unity, and the Reformed, which reflected the old heathen and Jewish conception. It is with the latter, according to Fock, that Socinianism allies itself; it has its origin in the heathen admixture that clung about the roots of Christianity, and is to be considered therefore as a retrogressive, rather than a progressive movement. This judgment is perhaps just, if we take into account only the negative and rationalistic features of Socinianism. It is not just, if we estimate fairly its positive and spiritual side. On the contrary, when thus estimated, Socinianism may be pronounced an advance upon both types of Protestant doctrine. While asserting this, however, we confess that in the old Socinian doctrine the spiritual side was not made conspicuous, nor up to this time has it gained a decided ascendancy over the less worthy but more obtrusive elements of dogma. That result we look for in the time to come.

Dr. Ellis's book gives us a very general view of modern Unitarianism in America. The author himself appears unmistakably in its pages here and there; but on the whole he confines himself to the subordinate part of reporter, and with singular candor performs his office. Through him the sect speaks in all its voices of affirmation, hesitancy, doubt, denial, and makes a clean breast of its heresies. No article of vagueness, inconsistency, or self-contradiction is withheld or palliated. There is something touching in the writer's confiding, manly way of letting the weakest points of the system he describes stand side by side with its strongest. At all events, it increases our respect for his heart, and convinces us that a system, counting among its advocates such men as he, must possess actual and great merits enough to redeem it in spite of its present defects, and secure for it a place among the living faiths of Christendom.

We owe the American Unitarian Association a debt of

profound gratitude for republishing, in form so convenient, the rich, vigorous, and thoughtful papers which foreign reviews have kept so long out of the reach of the popular mind. We infer from the cabalistic A. U. A. upon the back of "Studies of Christianity," that Unitarianism is about to be glorified, and is preparing its resurrection-robes. What heaps of excellent Tracts are remanded by the new apparition into the receptacle of ancient but useless paper we will not think of, but content ourselves with hoping that the fresh spirit will gain a respectful hearing. It is something only to have him so cordially introduced.

This book, like all Mr. Martineau's writings, shows what abundant and delicious fruit the Unitarian vine is capable of producing, and furnishes us with a luscious sample of the yield we may expect from a thorough and scientific culture of it in future years. Mr. Martineau is a child of Unitarianism. More boldly than any he pressed its original denials against the old theology; he more boldly than any has since pursued its lines of inquiry into the departments of historical research and Biblical criticism. More clearly, too, than any has he perceived the noble spiritual elements it contained. More profoundly than any has he apprehended their import, and evolved from them a system of belief which is a full century in advance of any recognized faith in Christian lands; a system grounded in the nature of man, and legitimated by all the facts of human consciousness; a system comprehensive because simple, and simple because deep; a system that sinks its shaft down through all the heavy and hard layers of tradition, until it reaches the very heart of the buried Jesus, and from that fountain draws water of everlasting life; a system in which God and man are united and dwell together,—not mechanically, not formally, but vitally, as Parent and child. Great, doubtless, was the influence of Channing in preparing the way for this grand manifestation. But Channing, prophet as he was, never completed an intellectual scheme of faith. That task was reserved for a mind broader in grasp, richer in learning, more commanding in logic, and more affluent in imagination. It is a wide space that divides Faustus Socinus from James Martineau; but the line of historical

thought connects the two. John Biddle, the father of English Unitarianism, no doubt arrived at his opinions from an independent study of the Scriptures; but in his later years, when his friends gathered about him and formed a sect, it is certain that he was acquainted with the writings of Polish Socinians, for some of their tracts were translated by him; and he is said to have made a version into English of the Racovian Catechism. This Catechism, of which an English translation had been made some time before in Holland, must have been rather widely distributed among the Unitarians of London and Middlesex, if we may judge from a Parliamentary resolution of 1652, which directed the sheriffs of the city and county to seize all the copies of it they could find, and cause them to be burned at the Old Exchange, London, and the New Palace, Westminster. The writers of the Unitarian tracts disclaimed the appellation of Socinians, called themselves followers of Mr. Biddle, and were careful to specify points in which their doctrine differed from that of the Poles. But in so doing, besides confessing their familiarity with the Continental system, they betrayed an essential agreement with it, their dissenting criticism not affecting the substantial doctrines which made the system what it was, but merely touching a few incidental points. Socinianism, of course, was obliged to modify its costume somewhat, in order to adapt itself to the climate of England, but it never lost its identity. Unitarianism was Socinianism Anglicized. Priestley was at bottom a Socinian; so was Belsham; so were other active and leading minds. The writings of these men early found their way to this country. Emlyn's Inquiry into the Scripture Account of Jesus Christ was republished in Boston in 1756, and widely circulated. It was a chapter in Mr. Belsham's Memoirs of Lindsey, published in London, 1812, republished in Boston, 1815, with a preface by the American editor, that brought on the great Unitarian Controversy in Massachusetts. Our Unitarianism — the Unitarianism described by Dr. Ellis, and held by not a few prominent writers — is Socinianism Americanized; very different in many respects from the doctrine exhibited in the Racovian Catechism, but still inheriting all its leading characteristics. The epoch inaugurated by Dr. Chan-

ning, whose bloom we are now beholding in the "New School," as it is sometimes called, was produced naturally from the action of Unitarian ideas upon a fresh mind, living intensely amid the circumstances of its own age, and modifying its inherited beliefs by its original sentiments and active experiences of duty. Dr. Channing had no acquaintance with German theology or criticism, yet the whole development of modern Liberalism was contained in him, as indeed it was contained in Faustus Socinus, who wrote before neology was heard of. This is a point so interesting, that we shall make no apology for entering on it at some length, and with some minuteness. Let us, then, ask what Unitarianism was, is, and is to be.

Unitarianism, we contend, has not yet reached its maturity in the minds of much the larger number of its professed believers. It is still in a state of transition, and must await in the future its perfect growth as a system. When the new life of faith broke out in the sixteenth century, and Protestantism, indignant at the oppressive authority of the Papal system, cried, "Away with it! henceforth let there be established an immediate intercourse between the soul and God,—henceforth let the spiritual life obey its own laws,"—words were spoken of deeper import than men suspected,—words too great to be set into systems of theology. The Lutheran doctrine absorbed but little of their significance. The Reformed doctrine succeeded no better in exhausting it. Protestantism was not a dogma, but a principle, including many dogmas, and flinging them off successively, to remain at last independent of them all. It builded no city of God, but it opened a way by which the intellect of man might travel on and on, past Rome, Augsburg, Geneva, Rakow, Westminster, Cambridge, Boston, to find the true city of God far off in the future time. Unitarianism, as a movement, was a legitimate offspring from the Protestant idea,—a step in its unfolding,—a protest against its infidelities. Its main function was to reiterate the doctrine of the soul's freedom from outward authority in applications not opened before,—to vindicate the claims of critical inquiry in opposition to the type-worship of the Church,—to plead for ethics against

dogmatics,—and, in general, to assert that religious conviction is independent of all dictation, and cannot abide captivity, whether enforced upon it by pope, presbytery, conclave, or creed. Unitarianism was a mile-stone indicating the point arrived at by the Christian intellect in its weary exodus from the land of bondage. Is it the last stone we must pass? Is there nothing but barrenness beyond? Has Unitarianism, as a theological system, no deficiencies which intimate that it is a movement, and not a conclusion? Let us examine this critically, and in detail.

And, to begin, its *denials*,—have they been pushed far enough in the direction of their inevitable consequences? The doctrine of Trinity has been plucked from Christian theology,—did not the whole fabric shake when its cornerstone was struck away? The deity of Christ, the infinite sacrifice, and all those other infinites and everlastings,—infinite sin, infinite wrath, infinite misery, everlasting punishment,—do they not fall out of the old structure past replacing, and reduce to the most moderate proportion its vast bulk and circumference? Since that assault, the entire building has been in a decrepit state. We may summon ingenious architects from Andover, New Haven, and elsewhere, men skilful in the composite order of theological architecture, to restore to the strong-hold of faith something of its old dignity, but no patching will make it habitable again for live divines. Wisdom would suggest that the ruin be abandoned, and new materials collected for another house.

Still more disastrous was the attack upon the Vicarious Atonement. To reject that doctrine was to reject the received philosophy of the universe; it was to wipe out the whole plan of Providence as sketched by Evangelical hands; it was to recast the order of history as previously conceived, and alter our view of all the moral economies of God. That doctrine removed, we have literally a new heavens and a new earth, a new deity and a new humanity. The huge cross which had been set up in the centre of the globe, blasted by the infinite curse and dripping with sacrificial blood, is taken down; the sweet powers of nature resume possession of the spot it had blighted, and the children of men, relieved from

the weight of its oppressive shadow, erect there homes of natural affection, pursue their noble toils, and feel themselves gladdened in them by the smiling sunlight of God. The laws of moral responsibility and of divine influence readjust themselves to man's conscience and soul, and the currents of human feeling are allowed to flow evenly on once more, unfretted by any jagged rocks of expiation.

More obviously, perhaps, but not more utterly fatal to the popular theology and its plan of redemption, was the denial of the doctrine of human depravity. This took away not merely the corner-stone upon which the structure rested, but the very ground beneath it, opening a gulf into which the entire edifice sank and disappeared. The old scenery that had for a thousand years in deep perspective filled the stage upon which the Church enacted its monotonous miracle-plays, the pasteboard representations of Creation, Eden, Expulsion, Incarnation, Calvary, Judgment, Perdition, must be removed to make room for a nobler drama. According to the new scheme, salvation is spiritual maturity and moral health,—its method is not rescue, but development. Progress from weaker to stronger becomes the law of history and of life, and the monstrous appliances deemed indispensable hitherto for the uplifting of mankind are cast aside, as useless machinery cumbering the theological ground. All this is most apparent to those who are willing to see the bearings of their principle. Has Unitarianism been willing? Has there been a sufficiently broad and fair admission of the fact that the old theology is completely eradicated by the denial of man's natural depravity? "Evangelicalism" perceives it, if Unitarianism does not. Hence the charge of concealment, which, in spite of the most earnest protestations from the Liberal side, it refuses to withdraw.

With equal persistency, but with very different feelings, of course, the members of the New School urge the same complaint. To them it seems that Unitarianism—not through hypocrisy, blindness, cowardice, or any base motive, but rather through a tender respect for opinions once venerated, and associations long cherished—has been backward in trusting to its own thought; has been satisfied with a half-

way position; in one word, has temporized with views it should have disowned.

To pursue this matter further, the Unitarian conception of God has lacked the crystalline clearness that should belong to that central thought. The Triune mystery has been discarded,—but the Divine Unity is not adequately comprehended. Laying too much emphasis upon the arithmetical question raised by the doctrine of the Trinity, suffering themselves to become engaged in an ingenious, but attenuated and superficial discussion of scholastic phrases and Scripture metaphors, our theologians have incurred the danger of missing the real point at issue, namely, the spiritual nature, the character, if we may so speak, of Deity. Certainly, the doctrine of Trinity, in itself considered, need not in the least disturb our simplest conception of the Unity of the Godhead. Imagine Deity to exist in a threefold, or a thirty-fold personality; if the persons live and work together in harmonious consent of mind and will, as the Sacred Three of the Athanasian Creed unquestionably do, there is but one God, supreme and undivided. The polytheism of Greece would have been entirely consistent with a strict belief in the Divine Unity, but for the “family jars” which disturbed the peace of Olympus, introduced caprice and conflict into the order of the world, and drove bewildered mortals about from god to goddess, till one was found sufficiently powerful, amiable, and unoccupied to attend to their little matters. Neither of the persons whose rights have been so much disputed by anti-Trinitarians has compromised in any degree the integrity of the Supreme Being, or introduced the least disturbance into the arrangements of heaven. That offence has been committed by another person,—standing in the background, and therefore not accused,—a person disinherited, reckoned an outsider and an outlaw, yet acting a part in history altogether too conspicuous to be overlooked. This personage is Satan, the “hypostasis” of malice. He, if not “consubstantial” with the “Father,” nevertheless claims an extensive fief in the universe, divides its empire, and infuses the element of his demonic agency into the conduct of its affairs. Has Unitarianism expelled this foreign will from the world, and

extirpated his progeny? Does it not allow his ghost to haunt its theologic purlieus, and suggest dismal suspicions of God's absolute infinity, omnipresence, and omnipotence of Love, whispering misgivings in regard to the Father's disposition towards his erring, disobedient children, and insinuating doubts as to the probability that all men may be saved? A Report submitted to the Unitarian Association five years ago, admits that "those who believe in the final recovery of all souls cannot emphasize it in the foreground of their preaching as a sure part of Christianity, but only elevate it in the background of their system as a glowing hope." The same Report, in affirming that Unitarians "believe in the remedial as well as retributive office of the Divine punishments," thus at once defining the latter office and assigning it the first place, leaves an ingredient of vengeance in the providential economies which looks sadly inconsistent with the paternal character of God, and the spiritual unity of Him whose name is Love. The doctrine of penal retribution is the doctrine of retaliation,—an eye for an eye,—and that doctrine savors of the Evil One. Hell is the Devil's play-ground; upon the decease of that potentate it reverts to God, and none will allow even its fumes of sulphur to scent the air who are persuaded that its ancient proprietor has gone to his everlasting rest. Believers in the absolute, unmitigated, invincible goodness of the Father, in an all-embracing, all-subduing kindness which meets with no hindrance or check in the whole universe of matter and of mind, which recognizes no such entity as positive evil, and will tolerate no such misfortune as an unhealed wound or an abiding sorrow,—believers in a Spirit who is infinite in every imaginable perfection,—are alone justly entitled to be called believers in the strict unity of God. They alone attribute to him an undivided will, and a moral consciousness that is for ever consistent with itself.

Again, the Unitarian image of Christ, how undefined its shape, how vague its proportions! He is not God, for he possesses none of the natural attributes of God; he is not self-existent; he is neither omniscient, omnipotent, nor omnipresent. But he is not man; for to say nothing of a super-

human birth, which would seem to indicate that he was a superhuman being, he is exempted from certain finite conditions; his thoughts are infallible; his desires are immaculate; his will is unswerving; his goodness is divine. At one time it is made to appear that his dignity consisted in his character,—a character perfected through suffering, temptation, and victory, as all character must be, of course; at another time the stress is laid on his supernatural gifts of grace, which preserved him from the peril and the possibility of falling; and then speculation wanders away in a third direction, and dwells enraptured on his angelic rank and pre-existence, by which both the other theories are discredited. Now he works on mankind through the laws of spiritual influence, the stimulating forces of a lofty soul charged with vital and quickening virtue; now his mission is accomplished by the preceptive power of his oracular teaching; and anon these functions of inspirer and prophet are lost sight of, while his offices of Mediator, Saviour, and Intercessor engross attention. Here a strong statement presents him as an exemplar of practical righteousness, appealing powerfully to certain tremendous moral energies, which wait only the touch of a mightier spirit to rise from their apathy, assert themselves victorious over the dominion of evil, and walk sturdily in the footsteps of the great Forerunner; there an equally strong statement sets him over against us as an exceptional being, commissioned to do for us what we are unable to do for ourselves. The Polish Socinians vehemently debated the question whether or not divine honors should be rendered to Christ. The Rakovian Catechism went so far as to declare that those who refused to invoke and adore him were no Christians. John Biddle, though allowing that Christ had no other than a human nature, thought him entitled to a subordinate kind of worship, as being "also our Lord, yea, our God"; and to this day the same mixed feeling seems in some quarters to be lingering, and still there are those who believe Christ to be an object of prayer. Unitarians habitually call Jesus not only Saviour, Mediator, Comforter, but also Lawgiver and Judge, "Sacrifice for sin," "Abolisher of death," "Forerunner into eternity, where he

evermore liveth to make intercession for us." Have we not in all this the fragments of two irreconcilable systems,—systems that not only conflict in their view of Jesus, but in all the details of connected doctrine are planted face to face in deadly enmity? Such inconsistencies may arise from an uncritical anxiety to do justice to all the expressions of Scripture, or from a disposition to maintain peaceable relations with other sects; but inconsistencies they are, through the meshes of which the historical and even the spiritual Christ slips away into the region of theological chaos.

The same looseness characterizes the Unitarian theory of human nature. Here, as elsewhere, the denial of what was held to be a grave error has not ripened into the affirmation of a positive and final truth. Unitarians speak of the nature of man with more freedom than they use when speaking of the nature of Jesus, because on this point they are less hampered by Scriptural phraseology. Still their judgment oscillates between the scientific and the traditional view. The doctrine of constitutional or organic depravity is rejected with almost superfluous heat, considering its utter absurdity, which forbids any practical belief in it; but are man's natural uprightness, perfectness, and ability cordially acknowledged? The original Adam, mythological progenitor of the race, has fallen from his high estate of angelic perfection into the opposite extreme of embryonic humanity. Eden is a nursery, instead of a paradise; the Fall is a stumble up the altar stairs of creation into the light of a new moral universe. The expulsion from the garden is the slow, reluctant march of the race towards civilization, with its weary discipline and laborious arts. That march must thenceforth, under Providence, be onward, from physical development, through intellectual and moral, to spiritual. How then can we think of the whole world of human beings as wallowing in the slough of hopeless imbecility at the epoch of Christ's coming? How can we suppose that, after untold centuries, and hundreds of centuries, of what must have been steady progress towards its goal, mankind had fallen into a pit where they must needs have perished but for special rescue from above? Yet our symbolical writings speak of "the withered veins of hu-

manity, and the corrupted channels of the world," through which God was impelled "to pour fresh floods of purifying life"; they describe mankind as "*separated from God by sin,*" as "*destitute of spiritual light,*" "*without sure guidance or strong reliance,*" "*trembling upon a bleak and desolate creation,*" "*deserted, despairing, miserable,— God nothing but a mighty and drear abstraction that was never approached,*" all of which, with more in the like strain, implies that human nature at a particular epoch of history was in a decrepit and fallen, if not in an organically consumptive state. Only a blind, careless, or timid inconsequence could be betrayed into contradictions like these. If man, as has been often asserted, "*never wholly forfeited his originally given ability to secure his salvation by a right improvement of his faculties and opportunities, whether in Christian or in Pagan lands,*" how can we allow his total prostration, in or near the 194th Olympiad, or even his hopeless imbecility at any single juncture of his career?

The same confusion blurs our idea of the individual's moral condition. One teacher maintains that every child is an entirely new creation, born into the world without taint or bias from ancestry, yet needing a Saviour's aid to unlock the bars of some imaginary prison-house; another concedes the terrible force of hereditary dispositions, and in the same breath contends for an arbitrary freedom of will, and a complete indifference of moral choice. It is urged that, "*under a dispensation of justice and mercy, man is capable, by piety, purity, love, and good works, of securing the approval of God and fitting himself for heaven,*" — and straightway in another interest we have the intimation that "*he does not rely on his own merits for admission to heaven, but, with deepest sense of sin, humbly trusts in God's pardoning goodness, through Christ, for salvation at last.*" Here is verily a blending of different theologies. The star of the new faith has not risen unobscured.

But still more remarkable, and we hasten at once and briefly to notice it, is the incoherence of the Unitarian speech about the Bible. The Polish Socinians stood fast by the inspiration of the Scriptures, and to their final authority made

constant appeal. The English Unitarians did the same. Biddle scrupulously adhered to the letter of the Bible. Priestley to the last retained his faith in Biblical infallibility. They claimed indeed the privilege, so speciously granted by the Protestant principle, of interpreting the sacred books after their own fashion, as did the other sects. These made the Bible a Lutheran or a Calvinistic book; those made it a Socinian book. The Trinitarian received the Scriptures as inspired only as they taught the Trinity; the Unitarians held them to be inspired only as they taught the Unity. Each party set up its own reason above the Word, and permitted its own prejudices to pronounce upon the record. Each party slyly slipped its private dogma behind the veil of the holy text, and demurely worshipped as an Omniscient God the idol fashioned by the cunning of its own brain. It was the vice of the Protestant theory, which seemed to assume that a fallible understanding could read aright an infallible book. Priestley, who insisted that a disbelief in the written revelation must be followed by the denial of all religion, nevertheless declared that, even if Apostles had plainly taught that Christ was Maker of the world, he would not receive it. A bold assertion, but after all only the honest avowal of a position which men of different creed occupied without avowal. The inconsistency of professing to revere Scripture authority under these circumstances was probably not suspected, because the authority of Scripture was held on the strength of external testimony, which proved to general satisfaction that the books of the New Testament were genuine productions of apostolic men, authentic as histories, reliable as records of teaching, trustworthy as the repository of a Divine revelation. So long as the credibility of the Bible was supported by such outward evidences as Lardner and others accumulated, it is easy to see how men might theoretically hold their belief in its inspiration, while practically they disowned it; but the advent of scientific criticism put a new face upon the question, and compelled each party to define with precision the ground it occupied. The Roman Catholic Church, claiming, as Christ's representative, the exclusive right to expound Scripture, confines the Biblical critic to

questions of hermeneutics, philology, and archæology. Protestantism, arrogating to itself the special illumination of the Holy Spirit, but limiting the Spirit's aid to such as held fast the analogy of Faith, would restrict the scholar to the work of exegesis and comparison, would forbid his raising any question that might disturb the integrity of the canon, or impair the substance of doctrine. Unitarianism, to whose honor we record its constant friendship towards sound learning, threw the Book fairly open to a free investigation, demanded that it should be read and judged like any other composition, made bold to look into all its teachings, cross-questioned its prophets, historians, apostles, said, "If it is divine, the inquisition will do no harm; if it is not divine, let us know it, for truth alone is precious." The gravest admissions were made against the authority, the genuineness, the value of some parts of the Bible, the accuracy of its knowledge, the reasonableness of its views and doctrines, the trustworthiness of its chroniclers, the clearness of its teachers. Cautious men have allowed, that "manifest errors and perplexities, inconsistencies and discrepancies, are found in a close and careful study of the records, which utterly confound one who seeks to refer them all to inspiration from God."* And yet the inspiration of the book is affirmed. The theology of the Tracts rests, we are assured, upon the Bible as "the Word of God, the rule of Faith, and the great source of Truth." Of the Scriptures, one eloquent writer declares that "the matter is divine, the doctrines true, the history authentic, the miracles real, the promises glorious, the threatenings fearful,"—that "all is gloriously and fearfully true"; another, that "they are an authority from which there is no appeal"; a third, that "they are the only record, and a faithful, true, and infallible record, of the essential facts and doctrines of revelation." The popular sentiment is shocked by a daring assault upon its cherished prejudices; it stands aghast, expecting every moment to see the citadel of faith razed to the ground, when suddenly it receives the quiet reassurance that, "within a very few definite restrictions and qualifica-

* Ellis's Half-Century, pp. 241, 251.

tions, a few grounds of caution, and a few allowances for manifest error, the Bible is entitled to the character for infallibility which popular belief has set up for it."*. The public is referred to the scholarship of this and following ages for a final verdict on the authority and inspiration of the Bible, and then is told that "we know nothing beyond what the Bible teaches us, in any direction or upon any subject in which it undertakes to instruct us."† While the mood of inquiry is prevailing, the sacred writings are treated as a miscellaneous collection of human compositions; the mood of reverence succeeds, and then "the divine element in the Bible always has exceeded, exceeds now, and always will be acknowledged as exceeding, its human element."‡ Marshalled in warlike array against Orthodoxy, Unitarianism calls in the aid of scholarship, and even opens arms of welcome to the Oxford malecontents, the terrible Stanley and Jowett; but, that victory achieved, it hastens to deplore that "venturesome scepticism, perilous and reckless audacity in theorizing, should have mingled only incidentally in the great work of Scripture criticism."§ Mr. Norton may range unarrested through the Old Testament, long ago abandoned to the enemy; but when Köstlin, Baur, Zeller, and Hilgenfeld undertake a scientific survey of the sequestered vale of the New Testament, with a design to run through it the laws of universal literature, and connect it with the main centres of human thought, the old cry of profanation resounds on every side. This is not pleasant. It is by no means comforting to see a noble principle thus restrained by sectarian scruples, or perverted to the use of sectarian views. The manly mind is not rejoiced when men, who charge others with carrying theological prejudices into the Bible, carry their own thither with less excuse, and, after execrating the murderous instruments by which a foreign exegesis has wrung partisan confessions from the groaning Word, furnish a private torture-chamber with racks and screws of more cunning construction. Surely it is not to be wondered at that Unitarianism has a morbid habit of self-criticism.

* Ellis, p. 236.

† Ibid., p. 285.

‡ Ibid., p. 285.

§ Ibid., pp. 274, 282.

But no objection to detached points like these touches what seems to us the radical defect in the system, namely, its idea of God, and his relations to the natural and moral universe. The older Socinians, as Fock has abundantly illustrated, did no more than sublimate the Hebrew conception of the Deity. They spoke of him as the Supreme Being, Creator, Governor, Guardian, and Sovereign Lord of the Universe, Disposer of all events, Judge of all souls. Like a mighty Oriental monarch, he sat afar off and high up upon the throne of the world, and between him and his children the old gulf was still allowed to exist,— a gulf which he could traverse by the flying ambassadors that went to and fro from time to time charged with his commands, but which otherwise remained impassable. A bounded Being was this majestic World-Father, solitary in his individuality; not immanent in his works, but external to them; transient, not permanent therein; their arbitrary Ruler, not their animating life; a *moral* Being, whose attributes were simply human attributes raised to the power of infinity. That this barren conception of God was adopted in the interest of man's moral freedom and personal responsibility, does but define more sharply its character. Protestantism, sinking down into the depths of the religious consciousness, or soaring away into the divine immensity on the wings of devotion, seemed to make man's personality a mere bubble on the surface of the infinite deep. Conscience and will were drowned by this overflowing of the Absolute into the vale of mortality. Mysticism on one side, Fatalism on another, menaced the logical destruction of virtue; and Socinianism, always more ethical than religious, came to its rescue, and undertook to detach the Deity from this too suffocating intercourse with the soul of his creature. In doing this, the bond of consanguinity between man and God was broken. The father and child lived henceforth on terms of friendliness, but not on terms of kindred. Piety gave way to logic. Devotion was sacrificed to distinctness. The understanding was set to perform the work of the imagination. And in place of the mysterious effluxes and influxes of a living, creative, inspiring Being, there remained a bare apparatus of ropes and pulleys,

by which the great Mechanician shifted the phenomena of his spiritual world. This sharp definition of Deity as the Artificer of the universe and the Preceptor of mankind has everywhere identified itself with Unitarianism. Evidences manifold betray its presence and its influence. Witness the action of this idea in an abhorrence of whatever savors of Pantheism, Mysticism, or Transcendentalism. Witness it in the doctrine which from the beginning has been an axiom in Unitarian theology, that God enters the world through the door of miracle, and that to believe he is always there, coursing through its veins of living law, is to endanger all worthy ideas of his personality. This absence of spiritual affinity between man and God accounts for several of our distinctive peculiarities. Hence arises a distrust of man's ability to discover moral and religious truth, to arrive at just conceptions of the Divine nature and attributes, either by the efforts of the reason or the instincts of the heart. Hence the depreciation, less common now than formerly, of the worth of natural religion,— the disposition to refer whatever was good in the ancient Pagan beliefs either to a special revelation or to an acquaintance with the Hebrew Scriptures; nay, the habit of questioning whether in the ancient beliefs there was anything good,— whether the grand sages of antiquity were not wholly in the dark as to the nature of God, the fact of immortality, and the solemn laws of the moral universe. Hence a current notion of religion, not as the soul's concourse with God, but as a scheme of doctrines vitalized by urgent solicitations addressed to man's hopes and fears, the whole wisely calculated to produce the practical righteousness required by the Divine will. Hence a view of Christianity as a moral system supplementary to the legislation of Moses,— a new law, the same in substance with that of Sinai, only more positive, comprehensive, inward, and pressed with more tremendous weight of promise and threat upon the human conscience. Hence, again, a theory of the Christian life which the "Evangelical sects" have not unjustly criticised as shallow and cold,— a theory more distinguished for rationality than for spirituality, setting great store by uprightness, almsgiving, and other good behavior, but throwing no searching glance into the mys-

terious recesses of the soul, overlooking the radical distinction between the moral and the spiritual character, and slighting the grand truth that goodness is the result of a principle planted far below the deepest roots of the will, and freely unfolding itself in the “beauty of holiness” and the fruits of love. The productions of the Unitarian pulpit literature, admirable often in reasoning, grave in thought, elevated in idea, but often also irresolute in doctrine and feebly sentimental in tone, coldly polished and heavily didactic,—the older collections of hymns crowded with good common-sense expressed in rhythmical prose, distinguished throughout by the homiletic and hortatory character of their contents, and by the persistency with which ethical platitudes were substituted on all convenient occasions for the strong figurative language of devotion used by the great bards of the Protestant Churches,—confess the old Socinian distrust of enthusiasms and fervors, whether Godward or manward, and betray the legal hardness of the system.

To the same doctrine of the Divine absenteeism must be referred that peculiar mode of defining a revelation which has always been a distinguishing feature of Unitarianism. The old controversy between Mr. Ripley and Mr. Norton—a controversy not yet formally closed—revealed the full extent of difference between those who, contending for a perpetual revelation of God in the human consciousness, maintained that the fundamental religious ideas were native to the mind of man, and those who affirmed that spiritual truths completely transcended mortal intelligence, and that even such primary beliefs as the existence of one God and the immortality of the soul were obtained solely through the medium of miraculous communication from above. The Polish Socinians, in scrupulous consistency with their theory, held that Jesus himself was caught up into the heavenly seats to receive immediately from God the truths he was commissioned to promulgate. We hear nothing now of such an ascent, Moses-like, into the awful mountain of law. The most eminent English Unitarians rejected the fancy, and left the wisdom of Jesus unaccounted for. But they none the less retained the idea that revelation was *teaching*, brought

from far, to be imparted orally by an authorized and accredited messenger. With this conception we have been familiar for a generation,— that God, looking with pity upon his darkling creatures, sent a special Ambassador to the earth, bearing certain transcendent truths, and amply furnished with credentials of miracle, that so the vacant understanding of men, compelled to receive all its ideas through sensation and reflection, and unable, therefore, to distinguish truth from error, might have the Divine instructions authenticated by the most palpable physical proofs. A view this which has the one merit of distinctness, but alas what demerits! Does it not cause that gloomy "Eclipse of Faith," that last scepticism, which, with smile sardonic and sanctimonious, refers the seekers after spiritual truth to the faint reports of sensations produced centuries ago upon foreign nerves, and with paralyzing positiveness, mistaking the recall of superstition for a "Restoration of Belief," demands that the doubter of the Book shall "surrender the words Conscience, Truth, Righteousness, and Sin," and frankly avow himself an atheist?

A word, again, on inspiration. Christianity, giving utterance to its loftiest thought in the language of the fourth Gospel, says, "God is spirit"; thus affirming what is elsewhere strongly affirmed in Scripture, that the presence of the inspiring power dwells in all beings who have reached the spiritual plane, and identifying inspiration in its results with the holy intimations enjoyed by the awakened soul.* Far below this is the thought that spirituality is one of the Divine attributes, that the Holy Spirit is bestowed as a special grace upon those who accept the supernatural message communicated by Christ,— an influence miraculously exerted for the support of a revelation already imparted and sealed,— an inward witness corroborating the outward evidences of its truth,— a Comforter diligently renewing the hopes it has awakened,— a Supporter aiding men to walk in the way of its commandments.

From the days of Faustus Socinus until now, Unitarianism has declared that the only certain confirmation of our

* If any desire more definition here, we refer them to "Studies of Christianity," pp. 189 - 192.

hope of immortality is the resurrection of Jesus from the dead; thus bidding men who wish anything better than conjecture in regard to the life to come, listen to the all but inaudible echoes of an archangel's trumpet, straying down through the noisy centuries,—thus suspending the burdened heart of the world upon the attenuated thread of historical tradition, which the slightest movement of an all-pervading, restless scepticism may break. Surely this appeal to eye-witness and ear-witness, this lack of the Master's faith in the heart's yearnings and premonitions, this inclination to dismiss as unentitled to a hearing the evidence offered by the world's great sages, and whispered by the all but universal persuasion of mankind, is scarcely worthy of those who claim the merit of inculcating rational and spiritual views of Christianity. When we read in Baxter, "The indwelling spirit is the great witness of Christ and Christianity to the world"; and in Cudworth, "The great mystery of the Gospel doth not lie only in Christ without us, but the very pith and kernel of it consists in Christ inwardly formed in our hearts"; and turning from these to Dr. Priestley, in some respects a representative Unitarian mind, hear him say, "Christ preached the great doctrine of the resurrection from the dead; he raised several persons from a state of death; and, what was more, he himself died and rose again in confirmation of his doctrine; the belief in which facts I call a belief in Christianity,"—we are constrained to think the old teaching better in this than the new.

We are asking why the gospel of Unitarianism is not more cordially welcomed as good news by the people. The answer to such inquiry is suggested, we submit, by the foregoing sketch of its character. Unitarianism has made too much account of understanding and will, too little of intuition and spirit. It is essentially an ethical system; and although, unlike the austere moralism of the Hebrews, it twines the lovely wreaths of sentiment round its iron rods of law, still, when humanity presses against it its warm breasts, a chill strikes through the leaves. With all its noble speech about the dignity of human nature, it has not believed heartily enough in the worth of the "common people"; notwith-

standing its many tender thoughts about the dear God, it hesitates to send the vulgar criminal and the hardened sinner to meet his regenerating kiss. While it has refused to shut the Father out from immediate access to the heart of his child, and has opened the door of the intellect that the Divine Teacher might come in, it is not quite ready to leave its guarded house, to stand under the broad sky, to acknowledge a purely vital connection between God and man, and to trust the currents of celestial influence that are pressing in at every pore of sense, reason, affection, conscience, and soul. Unitarianism lacks organic heat and impulse, the outgoing abandon Godward which charms the popular heart; nor, for that very reason, has it the comprehensive sympathy with mortal needs which attracts the great body of the obscure and the toiling, the sin-sick and the sad. As its love of God is wanting in enthusiastic fervor, so its love of man is wanting in earnest heroism. Hence it wins neither the worshippers nor the workers; and, however extensive its negative influence in modifying the prevailing theology, it has failed hitherto in establishing itself as a positive and commanding faith.

And yet the system does contain the elements of a faith at once the most positive and the most spiritual that Christendom has seen. In its assertion of the supremacy of reason over the authorities set up by church and dogma,—in its claim to the right of distinguishing essentials from non-essentials in the Bible and the Creed,—in its assumption that revelation may contain doctrines which transcend the understanding, but none which contradict it,—in its vindication of the natural affections against the overbearing harshness of an austere theology,—in its appeal to the moral sense as the only divinely constituted judge of rectitude, Biblical or providential,—in the stress it lays upon the innate worth of every individual soul,—in its intimation of the spirit's instinctive yearning after holiness as after its native air,—in its constant iteration of the belief that man is the child, not the mere creature, of God, and its tacit implication that Christianity is a power sent to make actual the possibilities of his nature by opening to them the opportunities of an endless

life,—in the prominence it gives to the human character of Jesus, and its affirmations that all men, if they saw his image clearly, would be drawn towards him as to one who simply fulfilled themselves,—we cannot fail to discover the germs of a doctrine pure and undefiled, a religion natural and at the same time supernatural, planted in the soul, authenticating itself there, and there unfolding itself in vital intercourse with the Infinite Spirit. From Unitarian axioms may fairly be deduced the transcendental postulate that God reveals himself, and has always revealed himself, in the spiritual consciousness of man. Around this central oriflamme of truth, which has shone conspicuous in all the wars of theological opinion, and has rallied to its starry folds the deeply religious of every creed, the lineal descendants of Unitarianism are gathering. Without a shadow of reserve they accept the declaration that God has never left himself without a witness, and they delight in tracing the line of true and competent witnesses back through the saints and prophets of our Greek and Hebrew Scriptures, through the providential men of the ancient heathen world, the moralists and law-givers, the seers and sages, founders of religions and priests of social order, to the very beginning of wisdom. With Augustine, they believe that “whatever is true, by whomsoever it is spoken, proceeds from the Holy Ghost.” In all the world’s Bibles they find revelations becoming fuller and clearer, as the human soul, the organ of revelation, has unfolded itself in the order of Providence. But, accepting reverently the witness of the past, and cordially recognizing the peculiar mission of those mighty spirits whose life has been organized in creeds and churches, they find in these only the grander expression of what the still, small voice in themselves is striving to utter, and, from their glorious Epiphany, strengthen themselves in a regard for the spiritual capacity of their own nature, and in the persuasion that the living God will not leave the faithful of to-day destitute of his original revelations. Melodious always the separate voices which take up the celestial refrain, harmonious the several tones; but the strains multiply and the harmonies deepen as the grand oratorio of creation rolls on, and, how-

ever here and there the solo of some mightier bard, rising from Judæan plains loud, long, sonorous, may go ringing and pealing through the galleries of time, while the very orchestra pauses to listen, and an audience of a thousand years hangs breathless on the immortal song, still the sublime chant is but a voice out of the rapt heart of humanity from which the whole infinite burden is pouring, an aria whose significance and beauty depend entirely on its complete accord with the unity that pervades the piece. *The Sonship of the soul!* The new school, as it is called, though in fact it is a very old school, adopt this at once, and frankly, as the crowning truth of their system. They see it illustrated by all holy scriptures, and demonstrated by all holy lives. They recognize its transcendent glory in the person of Jesus, and by it interpret the spiritual utterances of Paul. By its light they think they read more intelligently such words as these, finding declared in them no exceptional experiences made possible to a few by the mediatorial offices of Jesus, but the normal experiences of every heart which, by its own expansion, has become receptive of heavenly thought and joy. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs." "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the mind of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him; but God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit." "He that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged by no man." "Brethren, *now* are we the sons of God, and we know not what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him." The words of Jesus, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect," contain a whole world of theology. Here we have, in statement the most luminous, the doctrine that man is a being organically connected with God, having in his present embryonic state every celestial possibility folded up within him, with the power of assimilating to himself God's truth and grace, a natural tendency toward that which is highest, and an unbounded horizon stretching indefinitely across the grave. Here we have, under a figure the most impressive and simple, the stupendous thought which Swedenborg has

materialized, that Deity is composed of the same spiritual elements with humanity, that the infinite and the finite blend together in mysterious affinities; a doctrine vast, nebulous, indefinable, but inconceivably grand, sanctifying, and inspiring.

Christian theology has grown like a tree from one root-idea; this namely, *The Immanence of God in Humanity*. "A far closer union," says old Hugo Victor, "exists between God and man than between the soul and the body; for a closer union exists between spiritual natures than between a spiritual and a physical. God is a spiritual nature, and man is a spiritual nature." Synesius says, "The wise man" (that is, the heavenly wise) "is bound to God by a certain kindred, because he uses reason, which is the essence of God himself." "God became man, that man might become God," writes Augustine. But this idea was stunted almost at its birth by the pains that were taken to educate and shape it. At first associated with a single eminent instance, it was afterwards completely disguised and falsified by the popular conception of the "God-man," or the "Incarnation." Hence early and late it has been taught that God was immanent in ONE man, to the virtual exclusion of other men. The Logos was not the representative of mankind, but their substitute; they were beggared that he might be enriched. At first view, "Orthodoxy" seems to have an advantage in its doctrine of an indwelling God; but a nearer examination shows this advantage to be only apparent. For its indwelling God is a God who *dwells* in a single historical person, and does but visit occasionally the souls of others, on condition that they recognize the monopoly of the Only Begotten, and will repeat, word for word, the language that has been put into his mouth. The spiritual consciousness of man, instead of being admitted, is denied; nay, he must himself begin by doubting it, in order to become a sharer in the supernatural gifts of the Spirit of God. Barren and deceitful gifts! which can be enjoyed only on the condition of disbelief in the nature which alone is able to welcome them. We are told that God has incarnated and ensouled himself; we leave our dry records and traditions of past inspiration, we open our hearts to re-

ceive the immediate word, and straightway the symbol, framed to express the divine fact of perennial revelation, is thrust in our faces as an apology for it. The hope is crushed under its emblem. It is for some coming faith to recover the lost doctrines, snatched from us into the shades of ancient mythology; to reinstate it in the place that belongs to it in Christian thought; to give it such new and ample expression in philosophical formula, symbolical cultus, and organized humanity, as may be demanded by our modern age.

Would that Unitarians might perceive this to be their high calling. Whose is it, if not theirs? Noble fathers have done much to emancipate them from the bondage of the letter and the sign. To the roots of the old mythological tree they have boldly laid their axe, and already the sap creeps languidly through the branches, the foliage is turning sere, the roots no longer draw the sustenance they once did from the heart of humanity. It may stand a century yet defying destiny, but a tree of life it can never be again. Unitarians are the descendants of men who have brought this to pass. Let them honor their ancestors; they are worthy of honor. Few sects can boast a prouder lineage. It has its list of confessors, conspicuous among them Francis Davidis, John Biddle, and Thomas Emlyn. It can count its martyrs, Val. Gentilis, Jacob Palæologus, Michael Servetus, George Van Paris, Francis Wright, Bartholomew Legate, who refused the boon of life offered him when already bound to the stake in Smithfield,—the man of whom it was said, that “the poison of heretical doctrine was never more dangerous than when served in clean cups and washed dishes,”—and Edward Wightman, all of whom tasted death by fire rather than deny their faith. Unitarianism has its saints too,—one, Dr. Channing, whose claim to canonization has been recognized by a recent French writer, and others whose sanctity is cherished with all due honor in revering hearts. They who value the prestige of historical renown may boast of their connection with Longinus the philosopher, and Zenobia the queen. Who would sever the line of belief which binds him to Newton, Milton, and Locke, to Clarke, Lardner, Price, and Priestley, to Bentley, Mayhew, Buckminster, Freeman, and the Wares? From

such independent and progressive minds Unitarianism should borrow an impulse toward further progress, taking on itself the solemn duty of carrying forward the movement which they so faithfully labored on, and so hopefully inaugurated.

ART. IV.—GIACOMO LEOPARDI.

1. *Opere di GIACOMO LEOPARDI.* Florence. 1845—1846. 4 vols.
2. *Epistolario di GIACOMO LEOPARDI. Raccolto e ordinato da PROSPERO VIANI.* Tomi II. Florence. 1849.

No more noble, no sadder name, in modern letters, arrests the student's eye, than the name of the Count Giacomo Leopardi. Measured by such judges as Niebuhr and Angelo Mai, he was the greatest scholar of Italy. The large number and the variety of his writings remain to us a testimony of powers which are seldom bestowed on man. His genius is unquestionable. He appeared as one of those prodigies in literature, like the Admirable Crichton or Chatterton, who are rarely seen, and who still more rarely bequeath to the world works of the highest value. Thus far his name is illustrious; but the circumstances of his life, his bodily and mental sufferings, and the desolate creed to which he abandoned himself, temper our admiration with pity and lasting regret.

In a very meritorious volume of "Essays, Biographical and Critical, or Studies of Character," by Henry T. Tuckerman, will be found an excellent summary of his life and writings.* It is not the object of this paper to give the full details of his career, but briefly to direct attention to one or two points of special note in his literary character, and, in reproducing one of his most remarkable poems, to expose the baneful and melancholy results at which overmuch learning and misdirected genius, without light from above, are not unlikely to

* See also the Prospective Review, and the London Quarterly Review, Vol. LXXXVI., which are quoted in this article.

arrive. A few preliminary facts will suffice our purpose at present.

He was the eldest son of the Count Monaldo Leopardi, born on the 29th of June, 1798, at Recanati in the Marquisate or March of Ancona, one of the stillest and dullest of all the dull towns of Italy, of which Mr. Tuckerman gives a most truthful and graphic description. Leopardi himself describes Recanati in terms of bitter exaggeration, as "a dark hole, a cavern, a place where he could not tell whether the men were more roguish or asinine, but where all of them were either the one or the other." But it had one resource for him,—his father's library; and here he buried himself in books, awaiting the glorious resurrection to fame, "*that first infirmity*" of his noble mind, but, unhappily, not the last.

The accounts of his early progress are wonderful. By the time he was eight years old, he had far outstripped the guidance of the two priests who had been appointed his tutors, and had taught himself Greek with the aid of the grammar of Padua. He soon plunged into a course of undisciplined study, which he himself describes as "mad and most desperate." For seven years he gave himself up to philological researches, and produced several commentaries and treatises that excited the admiration of the most learned men of Rome. Among them was one "*On the Popular Errors of the Ancients*," which contains direct quotations from nearly four hundred authors. In 1815 he published a complete translation of Moschus, and in the two succeeding years the first book of the *Odyssey* and the second book of the *Aeneid*.

The labor of translation seems to have been to him a necessary part of mental discipline. He states that, when he was very young, his mind used to become quite uncontrollable and confused, after reading one of the classics, and he would then set himself to translate the passage to the best of his ability, during which process its beauties, being subjected to a long and calm examination, entered his mind one by one, and left him at peace. He considered, that, to become a good original writer, it was necessary first to exercise the mind well in translation; but he also thought that no one could be a first-rate translator without being a good original writer; conse-

quently, that a perfect translation was rather the work of age than of youth. His conception of the function of translating was to create anew, and he repeatedly declared that he had found by experience, that, in order to translate a true poet adequately, it was requisite to be a poet. He says, that, after reading anything that he thought really beautiful, he was in continual agony until he had cast it in the mould of his own mind.

Leopardi now vindicated his own idea, and his claim to the title of poet,—a true poet of sublime and original genius,—by his “Ode to Italy,” and several other performances, which declared his patriotism and set him at the height of lyric fame. In poetry no less than in scholarship he was a faithful workman. He did not disdain the painful duty, after the first exhaustive efforts of the Muse, of finishing and smoothing, like the veriest mechanic of letters. He said that he was greatly inferior to every other writer in his manner of poetic production. He always used to obey the inspiration of the moment, and, during the first fervor, write down the ideas as they flowed; then he used to wait, sometimes for a month or more, until a second fit, after which he set to work with such slowness of composition that often he could not finish even the shortest poem under two or three weeks. This method is perhaps indicative of a brain easily liable to an access of lassitude, but it surely shows a fidelity of purpose which might shame the youthful cultivators of “easy writing.” This extreme care was characteristic in no less a degree of all his translations. That an imputation of the *labor limæ* would not have reproached him, may be gathered from the following *Scherzo* or *jeu d'esprit*.

“ When to the Muses first I went,
To be apprenticed to their art,
One of them took my hand and spent
A whole day leading me around,
To show the workshop and impart
The use of every instrument,
All the various tools I found
On every side, which all of those
Must use who work in verse or prose.

"I wondered as I gazed about,
But missed one tool; — 'Muse, where 's the file? '
'O,' said the goddess, with a smile,
 'Our old one is worn out:
 We make our verses now without.'
'Then why not have it set anew,'
 I said, 'and polish more the rhyme? '
'It *ought* to be,' she answered, 'it is true;
 But, child, we have n't time.' "

A series of between five and six hundred letters, addressed to his relatives and friends between 1816 and 1837, the year of his death, and contained in the two volumes of the "Epistolario," supplies us in part with his mournful biography. It is the common story of overwrought faculties and of genius whose course is not permitted to run smooth. Twice in his life he loved, and twice he was doomed to the bitterness of dwelling, *senza speme, in disio*. His long habits of ill-regulated application had reduced him to a fearful state of nervous depression. His labors had no relief, and his own brother, the Count Carlo, testifies that, "always sleeping in the same chamber with Giacomo, he used often to awake in the middle of the night and see him on his knees writing at a small table, until the lamp was quite burnt out." His father had some taste for letters, but he was a rigid Roman Catholic, and, living only four miles from Loretto, his mind was naturally much occupied with the legend of that place. His own comfort and ease, the maintenance of his own *santa pace*, probably caused in him that want of consideration for his children which Leopardi truly declares is a more common source of unhappiness than real unkindness. Whatever may have been his manner of treatment, it contributed to the wretchedness of his son, who, in a letter written in November, 1819, to his friend Giordani, describes a moral condition truly pitiable. He says: "I have not energy enough to conceive a single desire,—not even for death; not because I fear death, but because I cannot see any difference between it and my present life, in which I have nothing but suffering to console me. This is the first time that ennui not only oppresses and wearies me, but agonizes and lacerates me like a severe pain. I am overwhelmed with the vanity of all things, and at the condition of

men. My passions are dead, and my very despair seems a nonentity. As for my studies, which you urge me to continue, for the last eight months I have not known what study means; the nerves of my eyes, and my whole head, are so weakened and disordered, that I can neither read nor listen to reading, nor can I even fix my mind on any subject, whether of much or of little interest." Elsewhere he writes: "I weep at the misery of mankind and the nothingness of all things. There was a time when the wrongs inflicted on virtue by human wickedness moved my indignation, and my grief was aroused at the contemplation of crime. But now I lament alike the unhappiness of the slave and of the tyrant, of oppressors and of the oppressed, of the good and of the bad; in my sorrow there is no spark of anger, and this life of ours appears to me no longer worth the struggle. Much less can I retain any ill-feeling towards blockheads and ignorant persons, with whom I would rather confound myself. I perceive with extreme terror, that together with childhood both life and the world are come to an end for me, as for all those who think and feel. There is no real life from the decay of childhood to death, except for those, and they are many, who remain children all their days."

Throughout the self-revelations of this correspondence, no one can fail to see that his broken health and his impaired nervous system largely operated in producing the morbid mind. The weak nerves and the want of faith go together. Yet there is a kind of strength in this very weakness that leads us to question whether, even had he been blest with the rude health of a German, to smoke and study and feed as they do *tra gli Tedeschi lurchi*, his mind, after such an indiscriminate gorging of Greek letters, would have been capable of different conclusions. The oft-quoted remark of Alfieri, that in no country does the plant man flourish with so robust a growth as in Italy, is well illustrated by the scepticism of Leopardi. It is the scepticism of a great intellect, and is another solemn lesson that neither great learning, nor large powers of mind, are at all conducive to the highest wisdom. In 1824 he published that dark page of his writings, his celebrated poem "*Bruto Minore*," in presenting

which to our readers for the first time, we believe, in an English version, we have used here and there more liberty than literal exactness allows, with the design of endeavoring to give an illustration of Leopardi's own idea of translating.

In a letter written in French, at Florence, in the year 1832, he makes this bold avowal:—

"Whatever may have been my misfortunes, I have had the courage never to seek to diminish their weight by frivolous hopes of a pretended and unknown future felicity, or by a cowardly resignation. My sentiments with regard to destiny have been, and always will be, those which I have expressed in my 'Bruto Minore.' It is in consequence of this hardihood, that, having been led by my researches to a philosophy of despair, I have embraced it entire, whilst, on the other hand, it has only been the weakness of men who require to be persuaded of the merits of existence, which has led them to consider my philosophical opinions as the result of my particular sufferings, and to persevere in attributing to material circumstances what they ought to lay to the account of my understanding alone."

THE YOUNGER BRUTUS:

A POEM,

BY GIACOMO LEOPARDI.

WHAT time, uprooted, in the dust of Thrace,
 After Philippi's day,
 In desolation and disgrace
 Italian valor lay,
 When Fate for green Hesperia's land
 And Tiber's hallowed strand
 Ordained the destiny of trampling hoofs
 And rough barbarians under civil roofs,
 And called the Goth with his devouring brand
 From his bleak woods — the starved bear's frozen home —
 To rend the illustrious walls of Rome,
 Brutus, amid the night,
 All wounds, and dripping with fraternal blood,
 Sat down, resolved to die,
 And thus, in his despairing mood,
 Piercing with empty words the drowsy sky,
 Assailed Avernus and the gods most high.

Virtue, thou very fool !
 The clouds, — the shadowy plains

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Where the pale phantoms rove in restless trains,—

These are thy school!

Where thou, Repentance ever following nigh,
Didst learn thy lesson, proved by life a lie!

Ye marble gods!

Whether by Phlegethon, in hell,
Or in celestial clouds, ye dwell,
To whom we pay our dutous court,
We are your mockery and sport,—

We, wretched race, from whom

You require temples,

Truth and pure temples, while you doom—
You whom we trust in, though we never saw—
Us to the insult of your fraudulent law!

So, then, our piety excites your hate!

And dost thou sit, great Jove, in state,
Thou God in whom we put our trust,
To be defender of the unjust?
And when thy storm the welkin tears,
Is it *thy* hand the wicked man that spares,
And strikes the good man to the dust?

Unconquered Destiny, the iron sway
Of hard Necessity, still drives along
The miserable mortal throng,
Poor slaves of Death! without relent;
And since we wretches find no way
To 'scape our wrongs, the vulgar cry, "Content!"
What, then, are injuries less hard to bear,
Because we know that they have no repair?
Is it a cure for pain to drink despair?

War, mortal and eternal war,
Against thy rule, unworthy Fate!
The brave man wages, filled with hate
Of that injustice brave men must abhor.
And when thy tyrant hand,
Victorious, bears him down,
Shattered, not conquered, with a smile
He tempers his disdainful frown
At the black shadows, even while
He plunges in his Roman breast
The bitter cure of his unrest.

The gods are angered if a violent man
Break into Tartarus,— their gentle hearts

Such valor moves not: yea, perchance they scan,
 From their high seats above,
 The pleasant spectacle of human woes,
 Our toils, our troubles, our defeated love,
 Serenely smiling in sublime repose.

O not in sorrow nor in shame
 Did Nature, once our goddess and our queen,
 To man a wretched life prescribe,
 But free and joyous, without blame,
 In the fresh world, among the green
 Wild woods, with every wandering tribe:
 But now that evil custom on the earth
 Those happy kingdoms—that *were* so,
 And meant to be so, at their birth—
 Hath scattered, till no more we know
 The temperate life devoid of sin,
 Since wine and luxury came laughing in,—
 Now that each manly spirit scorns
 These altered, miserable days,—
 Nature, unfair, to her first word returns,
 And blames the wretch himself that slays.

Ye happy herds, all ignorant of crime
 And your own destiny! ye flocks that stray
 By brooks in meadows deep amid the thyme!
 Calmly ye crop your fragrant way,
 And slowly wander, still serene,
 To your last passion unforeseen.
 But should some torment—say the summer's heat,
 Or the sharp gad-fly, or should you have drunk
 Some pleasant poison—counsel you to beat
 Your brains out madly 'gainst a knotty trunk,
 No secret law would hinder your desire,
 Nor darksome doctrine: no, ye souls of fire!
 Of all the tribes that Heaven gave life,
 Sons of Prometheus! unto you alone,
 When you are weary with the strife,
 And with your long calamities ye groan,
 And life hangs heavy on your lids,
 To you alone the suicidal knife
 Great Jupiter forbids.

Thou, too, just rising, calm and white,
 From the sea red with Roman blood,
 Shine forth, survey the noisy night,

And with thy gentle beams explore
 This fatal Macedonian shore,
 Where Latin valor lies to rise no more.
 The conquerors trample on their brothers' breasts :
 The hills yet echo with the battle's roar,
 And Rome, now tottering 'mid her ancient walls,
 From her high top to her last ruin falls.
 And thou, so placid in thy silent sky,
 Thou who hast looked upon Lavinia's boy,
 And the glad years that went so gayly by,
 Those memorable years of joy,
 And the large laurels that shall never die,
 And thou upon the Alps
 Wilt pour thy silent ray,
 Silent, unchangeable as they,
 When to the damage of our Roman fame,
 Sunk in th' Italian, servile name,
 Under the thunder of barbarian feet
 That hushed and solitary seat
 Shall echo with our shame.
 Ev'n here, by their accustomed meads,
 On rock or bough, the dreaming brood
 Of beasts and birds, in slumber curled,
 Filled with oblivion and their food,
 Knows nothing of our wreck, nor heeds
 The altered fortunes of the world.
 And when, at cock-crow, on the farmer's roof
 The friendly sun is red,
 One will prowl forth to keep the rest aloof,
 Lording it o'er the weak, plebeian throng ;
 Another, lighting on some rustic shed,
 Will rouse the valley with his morning song.
 O chance ! O abject human race !
 We are the refuse part of things.
 Our grief disturbs not Nature's tranquil face ;
 From ocean's cave no louder murmur rings ;
 Man's little misery never mars
 Your peace, ye many-colored meads !
 Nor when he triumphs, when he bleeds,
 Do you change color, O ye steadfast stars !

I call not you from your Olympian thrones,
 Nor from Cocytus, you hard-hearing gods !
 Nor thee, thou Night, nor Earth, whose common sods
 I come to make more fertile with my bones,
 Nor thee will I invoke, last ray of death,
 Poor hope of being in the future's breath !

Can sighs or words appease thy tomb, Disdain,
Or gifts or garlands of the mourning train ?

The days rush daily into worse :
We pass, and to a rotten race,
That follow after like a curse,
Must ill intrust our honor and our place,
And, with the honor of our lofty mind,
This the last vengeance that the wretched find.

(*He falls on his sword.*)

Come, now, thou greedy bird !
Wheel thy dark pinions round this hated form,
And in the earth from which it came
Tread me, ye beasts, until my dust be stirred
And scattered by the storm !—
Let the winds have my memory and my name !

ART. V.—THE FUTURE OF TURKEY.

1. *Turkey and the Turks.* By J. V. C. SMITH. Second Edition. Boston: James French & Co. 1857.
2. *La Turquie actuelle.* Par A. UBICINI. Paris: Hachette & C^{ie}. 1855.
3. *De l'Empire Ottoman, de ses Nations et de sa Dynastie.* Par M. CHAUVIN BEILLARD. Paris. 1845.
4. *Histoire de l'Empire Ottoman, 1792—1844.* Par LE BON JUCHEREAU DE ST. DENYS. Paris. 1844. 4 vols.

IN a former number of the *Christian Examiner** we gave our views of the Oriental Question, in its relations to the civil and religious liberties of Europe. In a second article† we attempted to describe the characters and conditions of the most important races composing the population of the Turkish empire, and to point out the difficulties which lie in the way of the Christianization and complete civilization of the Ottoman people. We now propose to state what has been already accomplished, and what further progress may be hoped for, in the social reforms which have been so auspi-

* *Christian Examiner*, No. CCVII.

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† *Ibid.*, No. CCVIII.

ciously commenced in the only great Moslem state at present subsisting.

The cardinal principle of this civil and political revolution,—for in spirit and in effect it is nothing less,—as explained by Mahmoud, its most energetic promoter, is the legal equality of all Ottoman subjects, without distinction of religious belief. This monarch, whom the detractors of Turkey habitually style a savage and a brute, often declared that he hoped to live to see the day when Moslem, Christian, and Jew should be equalized in the state, associated in civil and military life, and visibly distinguished in nothing but their places of worship and the forms of their religious observances. The reform system is generally dated from the time of Mahmoud's wise and philanthropic uncle, Selim the Third, who, after having been deposed, was put to death by his successor, Mustapha the Fourth, in 1808. It had its origin in the liberalizing influences which the friendly intercourse between the governments of France and Turkey brought to bear upon the latter power, and the success of the great measures that constitute the system is in no small degree due to the encouragement and support which the friends of progress have uniformly received, first from France, and later and more efficiently from England. From the reign of Francis the First, whose capitulations with the Porte were the first proper treaty negotiated between the Sultan and any Christian monarch, down to the time of Napoleon, Turkey sustained closer and more amicable relations with the French people than with any other Christian nation. After the downfall of Napoleon, political and commercial circumstances threw into the hands of England the influence which France had before enjoyed with the Porte, and these leading powers of Western Europe have since acted in unison in the promotion of political, moral, and social improvement in the Turkish empire. In fact, nothing less than the harmonious action of such powerful allies could have enabled the reform party successfully to combat, and finally in a good measure to triumph over, the determined opposition with which, now by fraud and now by force, other Christian powers have resisted every plan of improvement, and especially every proposal tending to ameliorate the condition of the

Christian subjects of Turkey, and thereby to increase and strengthen the claims which the Turkish government already has to their loyalty and their attachment. It is a just tribute to the merits of one of the ablest and most philanthropic of diplomatists, to add that Lord Stratford de Radcliffe, who has represented the British government at Constantinople for the greater part of the last half-century, has taken the lead in counselling the adoption of reform in every branch of the Ottoman government, and that to him, more than to any other single person, belongs the high praise of having prepared Turkey for admission into the family of civilized nations. In a spirit of enlightened Christian cosmopolitanism, this great statesman has been able to see that he might advance the cause of humanity in the Eastern world without prejudice to the interests of his own country, and though ever watchful and faithful in the maintenance of those special interests, it has been his chief ambition to identify himself with the progressive movement of the Turkish people, and to furnish the key for the solution of that great problem of the age, the regeneration of the Ottoman empire, as one of the cardinal securities of the civil and religious liberties of Europe.

We have shown, we think, on a former occasion, that Turkey is now the great obstacle to Russian aggrandizement in both Europe and Asia, and that the possession of Constantinople and its dependencies by Russia would carry with it the command of the Mediterranean Sea, and thus greatly curtail the power of both England and France. Those states, therefore, have a strong interest in maintaining the independence and integrity of at least the European and Anatolian portions of the Ottoman empire. But apart from this circumstance, and from the general considerations of humanity, which we may hope have in no small degree influenced the action of those great and enlightened nations, we must remember that both, as commercial and manufacturing states, have obvious motives for so elevating the thirty-five million souls who are ruled by the house of Osman, that they may feel more of the artificial wants of civilization, and thus create a greater demand for those products of European industry which France and England can best supply. They have reaped an ample

harvest in the revival of the Levant trade, but they have by no means monopolized the commercial advantages accruing from their own wise policy ; and at the present moment Austria is perhaps more benefited than either of the Western powers, by a condition of things in Turkey which her statesmen have uniformly done their utmost to prevent.

Although Mahmoud did not live to witness the realization of his noble aspirations, the prediction involved in them has been fulfilled during the reign of his son and successor, Abdul Medjid, who, though himself but imperfectly educated, has shown a most elevated appreciation of the benefits of liberal knowledge and high social culture, and has always been prompt to adopt every suggestion of sound reform, and to carry it out among his subjects as rapidly as they could be prepared for its reception.

Although the germ of the reform system, or Tanzimat, as it is generally called, was contained in the earlier reforms wrought by Sultans Selim and Mahmoud, its complete establishment begins, properly speaking, with the reign of the present Sultan, Abdul Medjid. It was the consequence, or rather the direct application, of the principles proclaimed by the Hatti-Sherif, or imperial rescript, of Gulkhané, four months after his accession, November 3, 1839, and serves to mark the new political and administrative organization of Turkey in force since 1844. This word Tanzimat, the Arabic plural of Tanzim, or *organization*, does not signify a new order of things, as has sometimes been wrongly supposed, but, on the contrary, a return to the ancient forms, which had been corrupted by time and the interference of the Janizaries in the affairs of the government ; at least, that portion of the Turks who may be styled the national party profess so to regard it. According to them, neither the Hatti-Sherif nor the Tanzimat has made any changes, either in the constitution or in the administration of the government. They have only restored it to what it originally was, and to what the holy precepts of Islamism require it to be. This view serves to explain the variety of opinion which exists among the reform party in Turkey, some desiring a *national* reform, that is, one founded upon the ancient institutions of the nation ; others

proposing to model it entirely after the governments of Europe. We have said that the Tanzimat had its origin in the Hatti-Sherif of Gulkhané. On the 3d of November, 1839, a day memorable in the history of the regeneration of Turkey, Rechid-Pacha, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the presence of the Sultan and all his court, the whole body of the Ulemas, all the great civil and military functionaries, the officers of the principal bureaux, the representatives of all friendly powers resident at Constantinople, Sheikhs, Imaums of every rank, the Greek and Armenian Patriarchs catholic and dissenting, the Jewish Rabbis, all persons of distinction in the capital, collected in the great square of Gulkhané, read aloud the Hatti-Sherif which was to form the basis of the new constitution of the Turkish empire. The preamble of this charter, as it has been called, is remarkable. It runs thus :—

“ Every one knows, that, in the earliest days of the Ottoman monarchy, the glorious precepts of the Koran and the laws of the Empire were authorities always respected. Consequently the Empire grew in power and extent, and all its subjects enjoyed the highest degree of happiness and prosperity. For the last five hundred years, from a variety of causes, our sacred code has been neglected, and our former power and prosperity have been exchanged for weakness and impoverishment. The strength of an empire is gone when its laws are no longer respected. These considerations are always present to our mind ; and from the day of our accession to the throne, the care of the public good, the amelioration of the condition of the provinces, and the relief of the common people, have not ceased to occupy us. Now, if the geographical situation of the Ottoman provinces be considered, the fertility of the soil, the aptitude and intelligence of the inhabitants, it is plain, that, by taking the proper measures, the result which, with the aid of God, we hope for, may be obtained in a few years. Thus, then, full of confidence in the Most High, and aided by the intercessions of our Prophet, we judge it right to endeavor by means of new institutions to secure for the provinces that compose the Ottoman Empire the blessings of a good government.”

The Hatti-Sherif proceeds to indicate those institutions, which were to bear upon three principal points, viz.:—
1. Guaranties to insure to every subject of the empire, Mussulman or Rayah (Christian), perfect security of life,

honor, and property. 2. A fixed mode of assessing and collecting taxes. 3. A regular system of levying soldiers, and fixing the period of military service. The Sultan bound himself by oath scrupulously to observe the provisions of his Hatti-Sherif, and sanctioned beforehand all the measures which it might be found necessary to adopt to insure the realization of the three principles which were to be the foundation and starting-point of the great reform. In fact, the Tanzimat, which was established soon after, and the application of which the government of the Sultan has not failed to carry out with a perseverance worthy of all praise, is not confined to ameliorating the political, civil, and administrative condition of the empire, or reorganizing and regulating the action of the different jurisdictions ; but has extended to the *personnel* of the palace, which it reduces every year by getting rid of many useless offices, remnants of the Lower Empire, which contrasted strongly with the simplicity of the early times of the Khalifat.

The ordinance proceeds as follows :—

"For these reasons, hereafter every cause shall be judged publicly, in conformity to our divine law, after inquiry and examination ; and no person shall be suffered to cause the death of another, either by poison or otherwise, until sentence shall have been publicly pronounced against him. No person shall be allowed to assail the honor of another. Every person shall hold his property, of whatever description, and dispose of the same, with the most entire freedom, and no obstacle to his complete control of it shall be interposed ; thus, for example, the innocent heirs of a criminal shall not be deprived of their legal rights of inheritance, and the estates of offenders shall not be confiscated. These imperial concessions extend to all my subjects, of whatever religion or sect they may be ; they shall enjoy them without exception. Thus, as our holy law requires, we accord to all the inhabitants of the Empire perfect security as to life, honor, and property. As to the details, which must be settled by an enlightened assembly, our Council of Justice, increased by such new members as shall be needed, to which shall be united, on such days as we may fix, our ministers, and the notables of the Empire, shall assemble to make laws touching the security of life and property and the mode of assessing taxes. The laws for regulating the military service shall be referred to a military council holding its sittings in the palace of the Seraskier. As soon as a

law shall be decided upon, it shall be presented to us for our approval; and, in order that it may be for ever valid and effectual, we will give it our sanction by placing the imperial signature at its head. This being done, any person, whether of the Ulemas or the grandees of the empire, or whoever he may be, who shall violate those decrees, shall suffer, without regard to rank, consideration, or credit, a penalty corresponding to the crime clearly proved against him."

In pursuance of these general provisions, while the framework of the government remained unchanged, various new administrative departments, judicial tribunals, and civil bureaux were established, the powers of executive officers limited and defined, the hereditary feudal chieftains in the remote provinces deprived of their much-abused arbitrary authority, and much progress made in the reorganization of the empire. High schools, professional and general, have been founded, and are still in successful operation, monopolies abolished or discouraged, important industrial establishments erected, and a new impulse given to agriculture, manufactures, and commerce.

We cannot, on this occasion, enter into more minute detail in respect to the Tanzimat, or the various codes which were enacted, and the judicial tribunals and other inferior jurisdictions which were organized to carry out its principles; but we cannot refrain from drawing attention to two essential features by which the government of Turkey is distinguished from all the older European monarchies, and assimilated to our own political system. The one is the complete toleration of all religious opinions, and of the public worship of every religious sect; the other is the absence of hereditary rank. There is in Turkey no other aristocracy than the temporary one of official position, which exists in all countries, and there is therefore little of that nepotism which is one of the most fruitful sources of corruption under monarchical governments, and the absence of which Busbequius, an Austrian Ambassador to the Porte three hundred years ago, thought so valuable a feature of the Ottoman political institutions; while, as he complains, in Christian Europe, "there is no room left for the encouragement of private virtue; all things yield to the accident of birth, and the high-born monopolize all the paths to preferment."

That in an empire so wide, and with a population of so mixed a character as that of Turkey, difficulties, both foreseen and unexpected, should arise in the execution of reforms, is altogether natural, and there is no doubt that some of the changes, especially the abolition of the feudal system in the eastern part of the empire, were attended with considerable temporary evil; but this is inseparable from all great revolutions. The eradication of deep-rooted abuses necessarily involves the sacrifice of some private interests, perhaps even of some public benefits, and the more energetically and unsparingly necessary reforms are prosecuted, the more sensibly the inconveniences of sudden and radical change will be felt. Notwithstanding, then, the partial disorganization in the provincial governments, which the introduction of the new system produced, no candid man acquainted with Turkey will deny that, at the outbreak of the war with Russia, there had been upon the whole a great progress, and that the march of improvement, under whatever discouraging circumstances, was going on with accelerating rapidity.

If it is true, as has been said, that there had been more disorders and violences in some remote provinces than before the suppression of the feudal system, it is also true that such irregularities had been more certainly and severely punished; and if more travellers in the Koordish mountains had been plundered, redress for such wrongs had been more frequently granted. Although, therefore, there was still a necessity for continued effort to secure the thorough realization of the proper aims and fundamental principles of the Tanzimat in Turkey, and though great moral, social, and political evils still existed there, yet so much had been accomplished, and the Ottoman government had given such an earnest of the sincerity of its professions, that it had an undeniable right to the countenance and sympathy of every people that believes progress to be the proper law of humanity.

If we compare the history of Turkey and Russia during the century which preceded the commencement of the late war, we shall find that the Ottomans are much better entitled to the character of a progressive people than the Muscovites. The commencement of that century was signalized by the

reduction of the peasantry of Little Russia, who had hitherto remained free, to serfdom ; and thus the worse than African slavery which had been introduced into the Northern provinces more than a hundred and fifty years before, now became the universal condition of the rural population. From the conversion of Russia to the Greek Church in the tenth century, that country presents the unique spectacle of the gradual declension of a Christian people from freedom and comparative intelligence to personal slavery and barbarism, and furnishes an experimental proof that there are forms of Christianity so corrupt as to have crushed out the enlightening, elevating spirit of that religion, and to have impressed upon it a character whose only tendencies are to the degradation of its votaries. There is a class of writers, principally clerks of the *puling* school of theology, such as the insane "converted Jew," Wolf, the Rev. Mr. Palmer, who dedicates his ecclesiastical speculations to "the Censors of the Press in Russia," and their followers on both sides of the Atlantic, who are too much enamored of that compromise between old idolatry and Christian spiritualism, which they imagine to have constituted the religion of the "primitive Church," to be shocked at any iniquity, however monstrous, that stalks abroad in the garb of Oriental orthodoxy. To this class belong many English and American advocates of the interests of Russia in the late war ; and it is impossible not to discover abundant evidence in their writings, that their opinions upon the relative claims of Turkey and Russia, and their testimony as to the actual religious condition of both countries, are so much colored by professional prejudice and professional interests as to be wholly unworthy of reliance. Among high-church Protestant theologians generally, the Emperor of Russia, or the actual civil head of the Russian, and the patron of the Greek Church, has come to be considered the great propugnator of the sanctity and authority of the *priestly office*, and, of course, of the power and privileges of a clergy which claims a divine right to control the consciences of men, derived directly from ordination, but exercised independently of a papacy. Papal Rome is a despotism, and the priesthood are its servants ; the Græco-

Russian Church is an aristocracy, and the clergy are its nobles. Hence the hierarchy of the latter is full of golden visions for ecclesiastics who are ambitious of *power*, but fettered by institutions which forbid the hope of *supremacy*. To all such, the extension of the organization and discipline of the Greek Church over England and America is an object of earnest aspiration, and they would consider the annexation of Turkey to the dominions of the Russian Czar, as securing the predominance of Greek orthodoxy in Continental Europe and Christian Asia, and of course as greatly strengthening the *priestly* party throughout Christendom. The dignified position of the clergy in Russia is at present theoretical only; but under a limited monarchy or a republic it would become actual, as it has in Greece, and those views which would absorb the state in the church might at last meet their realization. The Muscovite Czars, in the midst of the all-pervading despotism which they have lately exercised over ecclesiastical as well as temporal interests, have been cautious to keep up the *show* of respect for clerical rank. When, therefore, a *pope* is knouted for allowing a passion for quass and brandy to carry him too frequently beyond the maudlin condition which canonical indulgence sanctions, the ministers of the law kiss the hand of the spiritual father before he is stripped for discipline, and they repeat the ceremony when, after due flagellation, he is comfortably robed again in his pontificals, the sacredness which is denied to the anointed person of the priest being ascribed in the fullest measure to his consecrated coat. With the British or American people there could be no danger of such awkward *qui-pro-quos*. "The flag covers the bottom," and whenever Occidental civilization can be brought to acknowledge obedience to the cassock, there need be little fear that it will fail to render due homage to him that wears it.

Considerations like these throw much light on the political partialities of Anglican Ultramontanism, and explain how Russian sympathies have gradually supplanted, among those who adopt high-church views in America, the reverence with which the hierarchical institutions of England were formerly regarded. In them, too, we find the origin of many current

misrepresentations respecting the religious interests of Turkey, of the hostile disposition manifested in certain quarters towards the operations of Protestant missionary associations in the different provinces of the Turkish empire, and of the attempts to disguise or discredit the highly important and beneficial services which those missions have rendered to the cause of liberal Christianity and progressive civilization among the Ottoman people.

But to return. The advance of Russian culture, if it advances at all, is like that of the clog or drag-chain, which moves along with the wheel whose speed it retards. The current of European progress, as it sweeps past the Muscovite eddy, must by little and little draw the waters of the refluent stream into its own channel, and therefore, though we cannot yet see that nine hundred years of Christianity have done anything towards elevating the Russian boor in the scale of humanity, we may hope that in some distant future he too will participate in that general movement which philanthropists tell us is carrying the species forward. Up to the present time, however, both he and the emancipated Hellene have retrograded rather than advanced, and the little light which glimmers over the vast empire of the Czars is chiefly confined to an aristocracy already half Germanized by the constant importation of Teutonic blood. But the civilized world, Turkey even, cannot wait for the turn of the tide in Russia, for the sprouting of those seeds of progress which the microscopic vision of certain ambitious churchmen has detected in Muscovite institutions. Since the time of Peter the First, Russia, as a whole, has made no advance, except in the power of annoying her neighbors. The moral, the intellectual, and the physical condition of the mass of her people has been in no respect sensibly improved. The administration of her government has been no whit less corrupt. The despotism of Nicholas was not less arbitrary or severe than that of the most tyrannical of his predecessors, and while his policy was equally hostile to human progress, it was far more aggressive than that of any former sovereign.

On the other hand, the Hatti-Sherif of Gulkhané, now the constitution of the Ottoman empire, has proclaimed that

henceforth stable, recognized *law*, not arbitrary *will*, shall be the actuating principle of government, and the progress which Turkey was making towards the realization of this great idea was one of the principal motives which led the Emperor Nicholas to commence hostilities against the Sultan, in order that he might prevent the establishment of a great free commonwealth upon the borders of his own territory.

It is impossible to enter at all upon the detail of alternate disappointment and success which had attended the efforts of the promoters of Turkish reform, and we must content ourselves with the statement, that, in spite of partial failure, there was upon the whole a great general gain. We cannot better express our own convictions, than by employing the language of a Frank, widely conversant with European and Asiatic Turkey, who, on leaving Constantinople in 1853, after a residence of twenty years in different parts of the empire, said : " When I look upon Turkey as it is, and consider the dangers to which it is exposed from official venality, domestic dissensions, and the corruption and rapacity of foreign powers, I despair of the success of any plan of reform, and even of the continued existence of the Ottoman nationality and empire ; but when I remember the progress that has been actually made, and observe the vast improvement that has been secured in the condition of all classes of Turkish subjects during my residence among the Osmanlis, I find no room for any sentiment but thankfulness and hope."

Such was the condition of things at the commencement of the late flagitious attempt of the Emperor Nicholas to extinguish the kindling glow of liberty and knowledge, and to establish himself in a position of impregnable security, whence he might diffuse over the fairest portions of the earth's surface the blackness of darkness which had so long brooded over his own paternal dominions.* It is impossible at present to form a satisfactory opinion upon the consequences of the Russian war. It has accelerated — perhaps we should

* We learn by late arrivals, that the present Czar has prohibited the teaching of the Latin language in the Russian colleges. "The positive sciences," (Qu. military pyrotechnics?) it is announced, will occupy the hours heretofore devoted to the study of the humanities !

rather say precipitated — the action of the government in the introduction of further reforms, and the sanguine friends of Turkey, both within and without the empire, hope for rapid and general improvement, from the readiness of the Sultan and his ministers to comply with every demand of the Allied Powers for increased indulgences to the Christian subjects of the Ottoman state. In the reactionary fanaticism which these concessions have excited in the distant provinces, and especially among the Arab population, the dying struggles of Mohammedan bigotry, others see the tokens of the approaching dissolution of the Turkish empire, and of the subjection of its territory to the dominion of Russia, or its partition among the states of Western Europe. For ourselves, we hope better things than this; but we cannot but consider the too rapid elevation of the Christians to a *political equality* with those who have so long ruled over them as a very hazardous experiment. It violently interferes with the natural development of a progressive system, and it both excites a dangerous hostility among the Moslems, who are still the majority in numbers, and strong in the consciousness of moral superiority, and it intrusts dignity and power to hands scarcely better prepared to wield it than would be the newly emancipated slave of the cotton-field. Force must now suddenly complete a revolution which a single generation of persevering, peaceful effort would have accomplished without resistance, and there is no small danger that the necessary force can be obtained only by calling in the aid of foreign powers, in which case the probable result would be conquest, not pacification.

The Hatti-Sherif of 1855 *legally* establishes the principle proclaimed by Mahmoud as the ultimate aim of his reforms,— the absolute civil and political equality of all Ottoman subjects, without distinction of caste, rank, or religion,— and Mussulman, Christian, and Jew are declared to be entitled to precisely the same rights and privileges, subject to precisely the same duties and obligations. Strangers to the character of the Greek population in Turkey would have supposed, that, after a disfranchisement of four centuries, they would have been content with an equalization with their former

masters; but, incredible as it may seem, the publication of the Hatti-Sherif was received with no expressions of gratitude or satisfaction; on the contrary, it was met by a formal protest from the chiefs of that community, on the ground that, though it elevated them to the enjoyment of the same rights as the Moslems, it imposed upon them the same burdens. They had the audacity to insist on increased powers and privileges for their clergy, much beyond those exercised by the Mohammedan ecclesiastics, and to demand exemption from liability to military service. The latter point was yielded by the Porte, and a moderate pecuniary commutation proposed; but even this has been resisted, and it may be added, as a proof of the turbulent and rebellious spirit of these people, that the late revolt in Candia (Crete) was owing to three causes: the refusal of the Greeks to pay the commutation for exemption from military duty; their opposition to the construction of roads through the island; and a popular attempt to punish a few Christians for embracing Mohammedanism, while the Turks had permitted the conversion of more than two hundred Cretan Moslems to Christianity, without objection.

Although there are rumors of popular discontents, and even political conspiracies, in Turkey proper, yet deeds of actual violence towards Christians have been perpetrated only by *Arab* Moslems. If, as we hope and believe, the Porte shall prove itself able and willing to punish these outrages and prevent their repetition, there is little fear of any opposition to reform on the part of the Osmanlis, except the passive resistance of inaction, the *vis inertiae* of a people attached to their religion and their institutions, and proverbially tenacious of habit and custom. If, on the other hand, the government of the Sultan shows any want of energy and determination in repressing the turbulence of the descendants of Ishmael, there is great danger that the contagion will spread, and the revived fanaticism of the descendants of Osman and his followers may be fired with an aggressive spirit, which can be quelled only by the subjugation or extinction of the race.

If the son of Mahmoud puts forth but a tithe of the heroic

determination of his sire, we have no doubt of the final and speedy triumph of light and civilization, and the rapid re-conversion of European Turkey and Asia Minor to the Christian faith. The public profession of Christianity by converted Ottomans at Constantinople and elsewhere, the rapidly extending circulation of the Bible, and the free discussion of its doctrines, among the Turks, are facts which can neither be denied nor explained away by Occidental bishops *in partibus*, or other obscurantists; and to those who know the Turkey of former years they are facts of vast significance, *experi-menta crucis*, which show that the prestige of Mohammedanism is yielding to Christian influences even among those most interested in its maintenance.

Unbelievers, of whatever cast, who learn Christianity from the Bible, will never adopt the creed of Catholicism or of Greek orthodoxy; and besides the influence of the source which is now radiating its light over Turkey, there is another circumstance that naturally inclines the Turk to sympathize with the Protestant forms of Christianity. This is the exemption of these forms from the image worship which, to the Moslem eye, is the most obvious characteristic of the Romish and Greek Churches.* We knew an instance, several years since, where a Turkish Pacha dismissed a complaint of intolerant Greeks against a small Protestant congregation in Asia Minor, for erecting a chapel without permission from the Porte, because, upon inspecting the building, he found no

* The Modern Greeks distinguish between their adoration of images and the idolatry with which they charge the Catholics. They adore *pictures* only,—not carved figures, “graven images,”—and they profess to hold that all representations of the same saint are equally entitled to reverence, no one possessing more sacredness or virtue than another. Practically, however, they pay a much more ardent devotion to some images than to others, and when a very old and highly venerated picture of the Virgin was carried to the army of the Crimea, its arrival was announced by the commander-in-chief in a general order, which ascribed to it miraculous powers in as strong terms as the most bigoted Papist ever applied to the image of Our Lady of Guadalupe. As to the worship of the Virgin, persons who have been taught to believe that the Greek Church was not tainted with this superstition will be surprised to learn that the Triodion and other Greek rituals contain numerous prayers addressed directly to the Θεοτόκος, without any reference to any of the persons of the Trinity, styling her Μόνη βοήθεια ἀνθρώπων, Ἐλπὶς τοῦ κόσμου, and the like, and supplicating her τῆς αἰωνιζούσης λύτρωσαι ἡμᾶς γεέννης.

images or pictures. These, he said, as the signs and instruments of an idolatrous worship, were the ground of the existing laws against the multiplication of Christian churches, and rites uncorrupted by such superstitions were not forbidden by the letter or the spirit of the Koran. In a former article, we stated that political considerations had drawn the attention of thinking Ottomans to the essential character of the Christian religion; religion being in their view the necessary basis of all social institutions. There is no doubt that the simplicity of the Protestant forms of worship, as exhibited in the congregations gathered by the American missionaries in Turkey, have had a highly beneficial influence in disabusing intelligent Turks of their prejudices against Christianity, which they had before known only in connection with a *cultus* savoring of idolatry. The educational establishments of the American missions, and the mechanical improvements which some of them have introduced, together with the Turkish Bible which they distribute, have also been most efficient agencies in opening the eyes of the Moslems to the true character of that Christianity, which has done so much to place the English and the American people in so flattering a contrast to other Christian nations known to the Turks.

If to these circumstances we add the influence of political prejudices naturally disinclining the Turks to a creed which is at once the faith of their most dangerous enemies, the Russians, and their most despised subjects, the Greeks, we may readily see that the orthodox Oriental Church is the last Christian sect to whose teachings the Ottomans would listen, while Protestantism, as the religion of the Americans, from whom, if they have nothing to hope, they have certainly as little to fear, and of the English, who, in the present state of affairs are less likely to be regarded with political jealousy than Catholic Austria and Catholic France, is free from all the strongest objections of feeling which attach to the other two rival confessions. We have no doubt, then, that, if Turkey is left to herself, Protestant Christianity will make rapid progress, as well among the Turks as the Armenian and the Slavic population of the empire, and thus there will soon grow up an influence strong enough to countervail the illiberal tendencies

cies of other Christian sects in Turkey, and thus to insure the permanence of comparatively free institutions in that vast territory.

But suppose internal dissension and foreign hostility shall overthrow the present dynasty, and with it the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire, what will be the fate of its territory and its people?

Demonstrable as it is, that the possession of Constantinople and the contiguous waters by Russia inevitably involves the humiliation, if not the submission, of all Western Christians, it is not to be supposed that the Protestant and Catholic powers will ever permit so disastrous a consummation. There is as little probability that they could agree upon a partition among themselves, or that they would suffer the erection of a multitude of petty native principalities in a territory whose governmental unity is so essential to the political and commercial interests of Europe. Equally visionary is the old dream of "the expulsion of the Turks from Europe," and the re-establishment of the Ottoman dynasty in the monarchy of Asia Minor, for the opposite shores of the Bosphorus, of the Sea of Marmara, and of the Ægean can never long be separated in political destiny. The chimera of the restoration of the Greek empire at Constantinople,* — the investiture of *one seventeenth part* of the population with sovereignty over the whole, — which still lingers in America, is not only an obsolete, impracticable, and ridiculously absurd idea, but it has

* The Greeks, both Hellenic and Ottoman, confidently look to the re-establishment of the ancient Byzantine dominion, and, with their usual mingled vanity and superstition, long believed in an old prediction, that, after a period of four hundred years from the Mohammedan conquest, the sceptre should be wrested from the Ottoman dynasty by the Russian Czar, and magnanimously restored to Hellenic hands. The fated period expired leaving the flattering prophecy unfulfilled, on the 29th of May, 1853, and the people of Athens were weak enough to show evident signs of disappointment when the Constantinople mail arrived with intelligence that the Greek cross had not yet supplanted the crescent on the dome of Santa Sophia. During the war, every Greek in Turkey was a Russian spy, and so zealous were they in subserving the interests of the Czar, that on one occasion, just before the war, three Greeks, disguised as Turks, were detected in attempting to excite the Moslem rabble of Stamboul to a general attack upon the Christians, and especially the French residents of the city. The object of the stratagem, of course, was to *create* a necessity for the interference of the European powers, and to furnish a pretext for invasion by the Emperor.

been more than once formally rejected by the Emperor of Russia, both when the Western powers were so imperfectly acquainted with the real relations of the different races composing the Ottoman empire as to suppose such a thing desirable or even possible, as well as on more recent occasions. The suggested establishment of a Slavonic dynasty, nominally independent, but in reality in a condition of qualified allegiance to Russia, would never be consented to by the Western powers, unless after such a complete discomfiture of their fleets and legions as would leave the Emperor of Russia the undisputed master of the field, in which event he would certainly retain his conquests to his own direct use, and not through the medium of a trustee.

We are persuaded that the interests of Turkey, of Europe, of Christendom, of the world, demand the maintenance of the supremacy of the house of Osman in both European and Asiatic Turkey, as the best security against the encroachments of Panslavic, or rather Panczaric barbarism, and as the only means of the gradual Christianization and complete civilization of the Turkish people. But if, on the other hand, the government of Turkey is to pass into Christian hands, it ought to be organized with a free constitution, forbidding the establishment of a national religion and the exemption of the clergy of any sect from the jurisdiction of the ordinary civil and criminal tribunals, recognizing the absolute equality of all citizens before the law, containing the amplest securities for the rights of person and property, and effectively guaranteed by the great powers of Christendom. If those powers would, in good faith, unite in securing, for all, such *rights* as each demands for its own subjects resident in Turkey,—if they would surrender the mischievous *privileges* enjoyed and abused by those subjects, consent to a fair revision and adjustment of the commercial stipulations which have proved so fatal to the industry of the East, aid in the adoption of an equitable and enlightened jurisprudence, and urge the gradual introduction of the domestic institutions of Europe, which we hold to be a *sine qua non* of all effectual reformation,—there is abundant reason to believe that the Turkish empire would be better governed under Ottoman

rulers than it can ever hope to be by any of the other races which now aspire to its sovereignty.

We believe there is no alternative but the extension of the Muscovite empire from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, and the consequent extinction of every spark of civil and religious liberty throughout a vast territory which is now pulsating with the first throbings of new-born political and spiritual freedom,—the erection of a frowning citadel destined to command the incomings and outgoings of Europe,—and the general substitution of arbitrary will and brute force for the dominion of reason in the government of the interests of Transatlantic Christendom.

ART. VI.—MODERN IMPUDENCE.

1. *The Public and Private History of Napoleon the Third.* By SAMUEL SMUCKER. Philadelphia: J. W. Bradley.
2. *PUNCH, or the London Charivari.*
3. *Report of the Investigating Committee of the Stockholders of the Bay State Mills.* Boston. 1858.
4. *Lectures on Architecture and Painting, delivered at Edinburgh in November, 1853.* By JOHN RUSKIN, M. A. New York: John Wiley. 1854.

PERHAPS there never was an age defined by such a variety of epithets—all more or less significant—as the present. The new phases of life and forms of action consequent upon the triumphs of modern science, in a great measure, explain this characteristic; but whatever may be the cause, the fact is patent. Almost every critical estimate of an author, history of an invention, and commemorative discourse, opens with a recognition of some peculiar trait, social, economical, or political, as the distinction of this era. So uniformly is the assumed quality or circumstance superior to what has gone before, so laudatory is the usual estimate and gauge applied, that we might infer as the sum total of the combined

surveys, scientific, literary, and philanthropic, the term *self-complacent* as the one that includes all others. In the individual such a condition of mind is justly regarded as antagonistic to all vital improvement. It is equally ominous as a social phenomenon; the most obvious remedy is to exchange, at times, the paeon for the protest, to courageously behold the defects, mark the degenerating tendencies, and acknowledge the blot on the brilliant scutcheon so confidently advanced as our challenge of pre-eminence.

Accordingly, we propose to consider this as the Age of Impudence;—a designation quite as justifiable as the more complimentary titles it so profusely enjoys; and far more healthful for us to make real, when the perfections of the time are sung and said with such unremitting vivacity, that the inhabitant of a distant planet might deem the eloquent report thereof an adequate reason for the millennium expectancy which, a few years ago, led so many weak optimists to prepare their ascension-robcs. By Impudence we mean the self-assertion and practical claim, of whatever kind, unjustified by endowment; the unauthorized assumption which, in the fields of knowledge, the exercise of office, the functions of society, usurps power, dictates, takes possession; the exercise of will as regards others, uninspired by love or wisdom, the only guaranties for its legitimate sway; the complacent hardihood and defiant egotism which by mere arrogance and insensibility seizes on the oracles, or snatches the prizes, and tramples on the sanctities of life; the audacity of irreverence,—the apotheosis of conceit.

In English history perhaps the most notable example of ferocious impudence is that of Jeffreys, the bloody arbiter in the time of Monmouth's rebellion; and in French, Barrère;—both which arrogant monsters have been so vividly portrayed by Macaulay. Citizen Genet was the incarnation of political impudence. Ranke's History of the Popes exhibits an epitome of clerical, which reached its Protestant acme in Calvin's intolerance. We may trace variations of this quality in provincial, military, and social annals, from Henry the Eighth to Lauderdale, from Claverhouse to Robespierre, from Rob Roy to Vidocq, and from Brummell to Bomba. Fanaticism is the

hot-bed and prolific nursery of impudence; bigotry is its strong-hold, fashion its shrine, and the world of opinion its limitless arena.

The national modifications of impudence are remarkable. Often in the Irish it is alleviated by a kind of unconscious wit; Dean Swift used to forgive his impertinent servant because of his facetiousness. Among Italians it is apt to be dramatic; we have seen an angry waiter, when an impatient *habitué* has left a restaurant in a rage at neglect,—declaring his intention of never returning,—solemnly lift his skullcap, roll up his eyes, and devoutly thank Heaven. The French, under the guise of etiquette, and with an external politeness aggravating the offence, exhibit the coolest impudence; a vulgar Englishman exceeds all the world in arrogance; and it may be doubted if any but a Yankee could have the effrontery to stop a procession for his convenience. Yet such impudence we have twice beheld. On one occasion the *cortége* was a fire-company on the run, who obeyed an authoritative gesture, under the impression that they were to be directed to the scene of conflagration; and, in the other case, a religious fraternity. In both cases astonishment checked vengeful indignation, until the perpetrator had escaped. In the latter, the object was to light a cigar at the signal-torch and holy candles!

There is a popular error which confounds decision of character with presumption, and the legitimate audacity of conscious genius with mere arrogance. No mistake can be more indiscriminate. Moral courage, born of disinterested conviction, nerved Columbus and Luther before popes and queens. It was the self-respect of natural superiority that enabled Burns to bear himself as a true man amid the conventional patronage of Edinburgh society. Kean maintained his histrionic innovations by virtue of their genuine inspiration; a great political exigency, appealing to a master-spirit, justified Pitt's firm stand at the helm of state, amid the uproar of faction. Assurance rose to sublimity when Cæsar encouraged frightened boatmen in a tempest, and lorded it over pirates who had made him captive, by the mere force of his personality; when Cromwell dissolved the Parliament and

Bonaparte scattered the Deputies. But there are exceptional instances, wherein, by a rare coincidence, a great crisis and an adequate will and resources of character combine to make the assumption of power instinctive and obligatory,—a kind of moral necessity.

Yet even where a certain honest purpose and a genuine humane impulse obtains, the brazen element of impudence alloys the gold of merit, as we discern in the narrow tyranny of Puritanism and its uncompromising disciples, in the gross impositions of Romanism, and in the cold exclusiveness of the Establishment. The princes of literature thus endanger the potency of their own enchantments;—the most popular historian's charming style reacts through his pertinacity in unqualified statement; Alison's copious research is deprived of half its value by the arrogance of his Tory prejudices; and the most eloquent art-critic of the day chills his glowing pictures by dogmatic depreciation.

Impudence has ever been the grand resource of critics, charlatans, and minor officials; but its manifestations differ in kind. Such brutes in the peaceful field of letters as Dennis and Gifford have given place to the sprightly shallowness of Francis Jeffrey, when he declared that Wordsworth was no poet, and to the confident rhetoric of Ruskin, when he complacently denies the traditional merit of Claude and Domenichino, and orders art-students to "cast Coleridge at once aside as sickly and useless, and Shelley as shallow and verbose." Cagliostro had not the capital of the Yankee Hume, who unites rougery to undoubted morbid nervous conditions, and ekes out the profit of "manifestations" by cunning mendacity. Law created a mirage to lure his victims to ruinous speculations, while Hudson traded on a basis of economical science. "No other ability," wrote one in Fielding's day, when London authorship was at its lowest ebb, "was required than that of the writing-master, no other stock in trade than a pen, a little ink, and a small quantity of paper: ignorance, which would have been helpless had it stood alone, was rendered marketable by impudence." Now-a-days a certain amount of superficial knowledge and a degree of verbal tact are an indispensable element in combina-

tion with the other staple, to insure either profit or notoriety in print.

Our most familiar experience attests the reign of Impudence. If we travel, the autocrats of car or steamboat, of inns and baggage, usurp our free-will unchallenged, and disdain explanation, if we are submerged, crushed, or famished, with a cool temerity that would bewilder the slow but exacting pilgrims of a former generation, to whom post-boys were obsequious, landlords devoted, and even porters deferential. The picturesque rocks of the Hudson are profaned with advertisements of cosmetics; Punch exhibits stereotyped caricatures of juvenile impertinence; an ambassador's lady at Washington is besieged, in the church aisle, by strangers importunate for invitations to her forthcoming *soirée*; a State governor sneers at a great work of art, ordered by his fellow-citizens and crowned with European fame; a prosperous tradesman, who, in youth, could never distinguish "Old Hundred" from "Yankee Doodle," holds his white-gloved fingers to his ears at the opera, in distress because of a prima-donna's false note; a dishonest bankrupt bows, with patronizing grace, to his swindled creditor; a bold-faced hoyden at a watering-place assumes belleship, and ignores the very existence of modest loveliness and natural aristocracy at her side; wise matrons stand neglected against the wall at assemblies, while pert boys and girls absorb the talk, space, and refreshments; "ton," "wit," "blood," or the precedence they once guaranteed, are assumed by vulgar ambition with unblushing effrontery; the white hairs once "a crown of glory" are regarded simply as the badge of "senility"; domestic servitude, of old a profession of honorable pride and beautiful loyalty, is deemed ignoble, and only a casual expedient to be impertinently endured; the reserve born of a consciousness of the holiness of family ties gives place to the most flippant communicativeness destructive of conjugal and filial instinct; salutations are curt, the claim of superior knowledge in every sphere unrecognized, self-respect lost in self-assertion, and the "daily beauty" with which reverence and consideration invest human intercourse and elevate social functions absurdly sacrificed to selfish pertinacity and unswerving presumption.

Brandreth and Barnum are the popular oracles. An English satirist belittles our peerless chief in a tale, without reproach; and his dilapidated sepulchre shames the land he blessed; hospitality is no longer deemed a sacred pledge of respect, but a means of obtaining, without cost, the materials for satire. Everybody thinks he can do everything and has a right to go everywhere; hence the frequent coincidence of pitiable ignorance and mercenary pretension, and the gregarious level of social life. The uneducated man of fortune dictates to the architect, criticises the new poem, professes a medical and theological creed, and selects and appraises "old masters"; the self-styled artist expects orders without knowing how to draw; the tradesman assumes to enact a special economy without having served an apprenticeship thereto; merchants become agriculturists, sea-captains, manufacturers, daguerreotypists, philosophers, engineers, dentists, tailors, brokers, doctors, editors, financiers, and so on through all human occupations, shifting at will the professional livery donned elsewhere under sanctions of probation and authority. In affairs as in society, in the learned professions as in mechanical arts, in the family and in the mart, we thus find impudence effecting transitions, appropriating titles, and pretending to universal knowledge.

Ovations are cheap, inquests a farce; conventions are held to advocate "rights," not to recognize duties; the subdued manners acquired in retirement or abroad, where a certain wholesome discipline and method prevail, quickly change when the young are exposed to our free social life. Foreigners marvel at the precocious self-assurance of youth in this country and the slights put upon age; a hospital for old men was, in the estimation of an experienced and benevolent traveller, our great charitable desideratum. The intense is demanded in fiction, the *outré* in costume, the extravagant in action; blushes are obsolete; boys and maidens, in the original sense, are traditional; dignity old-fashioned; respect exceptional; personalities rife; modesty almost a myth. Self-distrust is deemed equivalent to imbecility, simplicity to ignorance; fitness is ignored, ceremony abridged, the present deified, the past contemned; to be eager, exacting, abso-

lute, is the current method; responsibility is evaded, life profaned.

The most prominent European ruler of the age owes his position to unscrupulous impudence; the ruffian in the American Congress carries the day; the most daring of modern impostors is the only acknowledged prophet of this continent; Tupper's plagiarized platitudes are the most salable philosophy. Let an individual pursue art, literature, politics, science, any object which makes his name familiar, and it becomes the topic of jokes, personal gossip, and caricature; let a bard achieve a beautiful verse, and forthwith its associations are degraded by parody. So common have become the intrusions of our confident natives upon illustrious men abroad, that Carlyle, not without ample provocation, calls us a "nation of bores"; so inveterate and unscrupulous are lion-hunters at home, that a distinguished stranger becomes acquainted with the truly estimable and really interesting forms of Cisatlantic character only by some fortunate accident; not a great patriot, not a glorious name, not an honorable achievement in our brief annals, but has been vulgarized by partisan ribaldry or presumptuous authorship; for

"Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame."

Of course there is a reverse to this picture. Probably the latent beauty of daily life, the unconspicuous charms and truth of character, infinitely transcend their obvious perversions. Yet, under institutions and modes of living such as prevail among us, the inner circle yields more or less to the vibration of the outer; what is apparent illustrates, to a certain degree, all that is interior and private. It is difficult to escape conformity, to neutralize contact and example; our social, like our national life, is singularly diffusive; and we are therefore justified in regarding prominent facts of society, of manners, expression, and action, as significant and representative. The vocabulary of our day indirectly attests the reign of impudence. When were the adjectives *fast* and *slow*, and the nouns *snob*, *humbug*, and *toady*, so essential to the mere description of average experience? They become indispensable as terms for recklessness, vulgar pretension and show,—the constituents of impudence. It is the same in the

current history of civic life ; "Lynch law," "vigilance committees," "lobbyism," "municipal corruptions," are such familiar designations, that we are insensible to their arrogant lawlessness. As we write, one of our temples of science has been made such a bone of contention as to become a by-word of reproach ; the blackened ruins of a hospital in the heart of our civilization attest the Vandalism of a republican mob ; and the respectable contagion reaches the street boys of the city, and they fire its finest monument of architecture.

The past few years have revealed unparalleled cases of financial impudence ; corporations have become its unchallenged sanctuary ; and even the villainy of the swindler is overshadowed by the extent and temerity of his matchless effrontery. The prevalence of his moral hardihood has changed the real significance of words, so that the once noble titles of philanthropist and patriot, to half mankind, convey the idea of railing and pretence, instead of benevolence and love of country ; to bully is deemed more effectual than to persuade, to brow-beat than to convince ; stump-speaking, which is little else than self-recommendation, is the favorite process of a political campaign ; bold assertion is substituted for wise conjecture even in the discussion of unexplored subjects, a claim for an offer, defiance for veneration ; and yet so vital is the latter sentiment to faith and to charity, that an eloquent divine, in pleading with that large class who love more than they know, and aspire more than they believe, yet tremble because without the pale of a creed, exclaims, "Whatever to you is sacred, be that to you religion!"

The popular system of lectures has developed, to an incredible degree, the impudence of the rostrum. Formerly uncommon knowledge of a special branch, or professional eloquence, was deemed indispensable to a public speaker ; now free scope is given to the ignorant and the flippant. But it is not these who mainly exhibit the platitudes of rhetoric ; men of education and talent suffer themselves to compromise their self-respect and pander to a morbid appetite for intellectual dissipation under the name of popular lecturers. Two of the most successful in this vocation acknowledged to us that they repudiated it, when most profitable, from sheer self-

reproach, being heartily ashamed of making money by claptrap and superficial logic. With a few brilliant exceptions, those who serve up a secular mental repast for a consideration owe the privilege of addressing their fellow-creatures to matchless effrontery, weaving alternate jokes and pathos with crude fragments of knowledge, and confidently "giving an opinion" on topics scarcely glanced at,—on men and things which neither research nor endowment, experience nor insight, authorize them to discuss.

Editorial impudence has no bound. No audacity equals that of the controller of types and a daily or weekly sheet. Without the discipline of scholars, or the refinements of gentlemen, or the dignity of manly citizenship, we see self-constituted journalists not only undertake to instruct the public, but to violate all the courtesies of human life, the sanctity of unblemished private character, the good name of the living and the peaceful fame of the honored dead; to asperse motives, misinterpret facts, minister to low tastes and degrading jealousies, and all this under cover of an irresponsible "we," and through the mean attacks of the pen, wielded, not in open and fair combat, but under the base disguise and cowardly intrenchment of an anonymous press.

This detail connects with one of the most provoking forms of modern literary impudence, the abuse of our vernacular. The liberties taken with the English language through affectation, extravagance, and unmanly verbal artifice would strike a writer of the Elizabethan or Queen Anne's day as the height of impertinence. Words are coined *ad libitum*; foreign idioms transferred to the Anglo-Saxon without remorse; old ideas recast in quaint aphoristic moulds, that they may pass, with the unthinking, for original conceptions; ingenuity in diction made to hide poverty of thought; verbal conceits substituted for metaphors, far-fetched adjectives for rational argument, and dainty superlatives for discriminating analysis. If these perverse writers could once conceive how such impudent expedients repel healthy minds, how evanescent is the conservative power of verbal dilettantism, what an outrage it is to good taste and good sense, to the congruity and true force of speech, to the grace and dignity of letters, nay, to the self-

respect and integrity of cultivated manhood, they would abjure the emasculating process, and shrink from profaning literary art by rhetorical assurance.

More trying still is impudence in science. Insanity is regarded by the poet as the only excuse for irreverence in the astronomer; how any mind can explore the laws and wonders of creation only to find material for self-assurance, is a psychological mystery. Better the simple awe of the Psalmist, the devotional interpretations of the "world's gray fathers," than the self-complacence of a modern *savant* who nomenclates a flower, or announces the strata of a mountain, with no corresponding sense of the beauty and sublimity, the divine marvel, they for ever enshrine. The truly profound and comprehensive naturalist is the most unpretending of men. Humboldt, Arago, and Agassiz impress us as reverent and indefatigable *seekers* in the realm of nature, conscientious and tolerant reporters of the normal facts of the universe, whose infinite relations subdue while they occupy their patient intelligence; but the more limited explorers, the special discoverers, seem to hold a natural law as a private emolument; they announce the constituents of a mineral or the generative habitudes of a shell-fish, as if they were personal trophies of insight or evidences of consummate knowledge. Of all impudence, that of the naturalist is the greatest anomaly. To emerge from the temple of nature in a supercilious mood argues more than heathen insensibility, and yet we hear the *petit-maitres* of science claim and dictate with an emphasis rarely encountered among the votaries of abstract truth, of letters or art. Even in religion much of the phraseology in vogue betrays this vulgar arrogance. Instead of the subdued language in which faith is expressed in the Gospels, as something intimate and intuitive to the soul, the parlance of the field and the forum is deemed appropriate for the most solemn utterances of humanity, and a slang phrase circulates unchallenged as the expression of religious sentiment! It would seem indeed as if reverence had become an obsolete sentiment,—as if every human thing had lost its sacredness, and the wholesome awe that enriched and purified humanity of old were lost in the pride and pleasantness of material well-being.

"Young America" is perpetually in the foreground; men who have grown gray in honorable service, to whom polity or principle has been a life-long study, whose integrity is unimpeached, and whose humanity years of domestic and social love and loyalty attest, are flippantly lectured by young citizens, inexperienced in public life, and whose private achievements exhibit no martyr's warrant or superfluous wisdom. Instead of knight and seer, we have the filibuster and the fogey. "Aujourd'hui," says Balzac, "le succès est la raison suprême de toutes les actions." "The true philosopher's stone," wrote Jerrold, "is only intense impudence." Yet what is the actual triumph to which this boasted talisman leads, and how far is success thus obtained a real success? Dr. Johnson defined a large class of visionaries as those "who mistake notoriety for fame"; success, in the last analysis, is satisfaction, and the "show of things,"—is, according to Bacon, devoid of poetry not less than truth, unless "conformed to the desires of the soul." Accordingly, pecuniary gains, *éclat*, position, achievement itself, only deserve to be called successful when they are legitimate and genuine. The victories of impudence are melo-dramatic, temporary, spurious. The so-called reformer may despise conservative opinions, but when he disregards the conservatism of human instincts, his action is suicidal; the social intruder may boast immunity from irrational deference, yet the outrage he commits upon the self-respect of a circle or an individual is fatal to the very consideration he thinks to seize by assumption; the writer and speaker may poise himself on the wings of blind ambition, but his defiance of the experienced, the venerable, the true, the becoming, the patient, and the holy, only recoils, however unconsciously, upon the personal influence he thus strives to organize; the shallow critic may turn down his collar, wear his hair long, and deal in conventional phrases to gauge the skill of singer or author, painter or architect; yet the process makes no impression upon the only class which the enlightened censor aims to reach and impress. "There is nothing," remarked the most efficient antagonist of shams, "so contemptible as a discovered quack." And the great error of the votaries of impudence in society, art, letters, science, and finance, is their

apparent unconsciousness of their certain ultimate fate, which is *to be found out*. But there is a deeper lesson in this prevalence of audacity. The insolent spirit of mechanical triumphs, of material progress, is in direct opposition to spiritual and human welfare; locomotion may diffuse, but it does not generate, thought, moral energy, and love,—the distinctive felicities of life. Facility of intercourse is only valuable in proportion as we have something precious and true to communicate; steam, chemical agents, electricity,—all the natural forces so proudly claimed as our vassals,—are but *means* of good; to exult over them and presume upon them argues a narrow perception or a steeled heart; they only complicate and expedite, but leave intact the “issues of life,” which depend on inward conditions and personal sympathies, acquisitions, and relations; and these attain depth and beauty through a spirit directly the reverse of wilfulness and self-sufficiency. The most vital interests of humanity are fostered by a receptive, not an aggressive temper; her most permanent glories are latent; truth, wisdom, love, content, all grow up through self-forgetfulness and meek aspiration. The graceful willow bends to the storm; the fragrant violet blooms low; the sparkling minarets of the iceberg are but exponents of a deeper crystal mass hidden beneath the waters; the eternal stars glow on while dazzling bonfires expire in darkness. Nor does Nature alone in her secret laboratories, her gentle dew, her silently moulded crystals, and hushed but radiant clouds—looms, breathe of the potency of tranquil, unostentatious processes; vicissitude for ever checks and chastens, interposing uncertainty, enforcing dependence, proving that the “battle is not always to the strong,” and that a “haughty spirit” is prophetic of a fall, so that the wise ever “rejoice with trembling.” The most favored of fortune not seldom breathe an echo to the bereaved queen’s adjuration:—

“I swear ’t is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow !”

There never was an epoch or a country demanding more firm repudiation of the conventional, and more strict allegiance

to the essential standard of success, than our own. Public faith and sympathy kept high the ideal of art in the fifteenth century, as did chivalric enthusiasm that of honor and courage in previous times; the concentrated zeal of minorities elevated the religious sentiment during the long period when Europe responded to the appeal of Luther; patriotic wars, dramatic genius, maritime adventure, political amelioration, subsequently raised the feeling and the intelligence of men to a plane of disinterested zeal and speculation. But now that commerce and science occupy the energies once absorbed in art and chivalry, now that comfort is the aim and wealth the goal of desire, the material and outward success they crave wars perpetually against what is genuine and lofty in character, and harmonious and beautiful in life; and it requires a moral heroism to acknowledge and pursue that satisfaction which is absolute success,—to write, to behave, to honor, to suffer, to enjoy, and to live, without base conformity, facile presumption, unreal equipment and profession.

"What a wonderful incongruity it is," wrote Bishop Butler, "for a man to see the doubtfulness in which things are involved, and yet be impatient out of action or vehement in it!" Perhaps some future historian of civilization will detect and announce a law of equilibrium in the moral universe, an absolute law of compensation in human experience, which will hallow the claims of a gentler and less assuming tone of manners, spirit of faith, and method of action to the intellect, as Christianity already does to the heart. Even within the sphere of the world's recent experience, it is not difficult to trace the materials for such an inference. Have the terrible scenes of the Indian mutiny no relation to the arbitrary national self-aggrandizement which preceded them in English foreign policy? Does not the humiliated liberty of France reproach her military character, which so crushed the nation during Napoleon's wars, as a proximate cause of her new and complete subjection to despotism? Is it not easy to find in the reckless enterprise of this country, her abuse of prosperity and arrogant disregard of honorable prudence, the occasion of the widespread bankruptcy whence she is but now slowly emerging?

On a beautiful Sunday in June, when exuberant foliage,

pure breezes, and an unclouded sky announced the perfect advent of summer, we listened in a prosperous Western town to an earnest preacher, who told his hearers he despaired of awakening their spiritual instincts, because youth, progress, and success, free scope, self-reliance, and material well-being, precluded distrust of life; he spoke of the few and far between visits of the angel of death, of the paucity of aged people, and of the newness, activity, hope, which made it so difficult to realize that to-day was not for ever. A week had elapsed, when far away we read in the journals of the unprecedented ravages of a pestilence in that self-confident community.

There is indeed a private discipline which we habitually regard as the special antidote for the bane of impudence. We speak of an experience which "takes the conceit out"; and life itself, by virtue of its inevitable disappointments and precarious tenure, is the everlasting antagonist of presumption. Great men testify that their success has been achieved through a long series of discomfiture teaching aptitude and patient wisdom; Pallissy, the potter, burnt up half his house before he seized the secret he sought, and Jenny Lind acquired a beautiful humility, which led to her subsequent vocal triumphs, in the sad interval when her voice was lost. The English public-school system was long advocated as the most salutary means of reducing to a just level the self-estimation of boyhood. We have heard a complacent limner from one of our new States, who left home elated with an idea of his genius, fostered by newspaper praise, declare that a single day at Rome convinced him he was no painter. Another American artist wept in the corner of a church, the day after he landed in Italy, at the distant goal revealed to him by the first sight of a masterpiece of sculpture. In both instances the modesty of soul thus born heralded true progress and high fame.

A friend of ours, who in early youth set up for a wit, assures us his greatest moral benefactor was a kindly humorist, who, by deliberate and well-aimed raillery, undermined his intellectual complacency before it became chronic; and a venerable countryman, whose youthful visit to England was coincident with the era when what is called the "noble art

of self-defence" was fashionable, has related to us that, upon returning thither in his old age, he was surprised at a rural inn, one evening, by a visit from a bluff, courteous farmer, who came to thank him with tears for a flogging received at his hands, twenty-five years before, in punishment for his impudence. "Sir," said the brave fellow, "it was the first time I had ever met my deserts. The chastisement made the more salutary impression, because administered in cool blood and by a gentleman; it transformed me from a bullying jockey to a quiet 'respecter of persons,' and thus laid the foundation of my actual prosperity."

If success in literature and political wisdom, art, or executive labor, is to be estimated by the heritage of sympathy or indifference which follows the finished career, then the gracious qualities infinitely transcend in conservative virtue the triumphs of impudence; Berkeley and Cowper are loved for their modest benignity, now as when they lived; Wilkes and Thurlow are still synonymes for arrogance, while Addison and our own Irving owe not a little of their enduring fame to that gentleness which is power. Hook, with his facetious hardihood, may vastly entertain us in our less earnest moods, but Hood compels sympathy, even in laughter, by the humane spirit of his wit. Our admiration for unconscionable Lady Montague is cool, for feminine De Sevigné affectionate. With all his constitutional infirmity, it is difficult to feel interested in egotistical Haydon, while the unpretending and saintly self-devotion of Allston hallows his works to our fancy. The ostentatious array and confident air of Murat affect us like the unreal pageantry of a melodrama,—the calm self-denial of Washington as the elemental force of heroism. Compare a Mexican chief's bulletin with Perry's first despatch from Lake Erie; Milton's plea for "unlicensed printing," with a revolutionary harangue of Mirabeau! The history of literature abounds with the temporary successes of experimental impudence. Yet it is to be considered that Chatterton, Ireland, and Macpherson worked on a real foundation, either of ambition or genius, which redeems and partially consecrates elaborate imposition. Practically, too, such a *ruse* as they achieved was an actual triumph of learning or in-

genuity, often harmless in intent and creditable in execution; but modern literary impudence is more subtle and perverse; it consists in trading on fictitious capital, assuming rank on the most shallow pretences, ignoring authority, setting up self-born oracles, and presuming to teach where the mental endowment demands the attitude of a learner.

It is a law of character, that the existence of a gift is in the inverse ratio of its ostentatious manifestation. Those born to rank, instinctively assert it less than those to whom it is an acquisition; the consciousness of power is averse to its gratuitous display; self-distrust, self-dissatisfaction, accompanies great minds, from the exalted standard they cherish, and the intelligent sense of difficulty and responsibility, of which they are best aware. Washington accepted the leadership in the war of the Revolution, with an emphatic declaration of his sense of incapacity, so sincere that it was to his admirers the prophetic evidence that he would be "clear in his great office"; Michel Angelo, at the age of eighty-four, when crowned with the fame of unrivalled achievements in every branch of art, had, as his favorite motto, *Ancora imparo*, "I yet learn." "That which I know," said the dying Laplace, "is limited, that which I do not know is infinite." Modesty and merit are proverbially allied. Buffon's famous definition of genius as patience, is only another manner of saying that the perseverance born of conscious defect, the humble, steady toil which a distant goal inspires, the self-immolation impossible to excessive self-esteem, the high effort prompted by a far-off perfection, are the only means of legitimate triumph. The quack in the *piazza* vociferates, while the sage in his garret thinks. *Paradise Lost* first appeared in a cheap edition, and the copyright was disposed of for five pounds; the *Columbiad* was published in an elegant illustrated quarto. Correggio only ventured to call himself a painter when encouraged by the testimony of acknowledged exemplars in art; Cellini filled pages of minute history with the details of his work;—the one adorned a church with frescos on whose dimmed hues the modern artist gazes with despairing love; the other sculptured chalices for a pope and salt-cellars for a king.

Ethics and poetry (which, truly defined, is sublimated wisdom) ever proclaim this verity. The least ideal of English bards, whose lines are proverbs, long ago uttered a memorable warning against a "little learning," and another concentrated an elaborate plea for modesty in the declaration that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Shakespeare makes his reflective hero include the "insolence of office" among life's keenest disenchantments, and refers the most "fantastic tricks" of poor human nature to "brief authority." Alfieri speaks of the *pochi detti* of the brave and the *molti* of the coward, and Mr. Carlyle truly tells us that the "unconscious is the alone complete," and that life "begins with renunciation"; and the holiest of oracles has declared that "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Of an identical tenor are the idealizations of art. Dependent childhood and devoted maternity are the subjects of Raphael; self-subduing love is the golden thread in the harsh warp of the stern Tuscan's mediæval poem; the heroines of the drama and the novel for ever dear are some Cordelia whose voice was "ever low," some Una with her lamb, some Beatrice who wins the poet-soul to paradise, some Lucia who suffers without ire, some reticent Genevieve with "gentle wishes long subdued, subdued and cherished long." The recognition of a law, the espousal thereof by the soul, not imperious and wilful appropriation and pursuit, is the method of progress and of peace. What is hygiene,—the condition of health,—but obedience to the laws of physiology? what is honor, but acquiescence in the just claims of others? what is artistic perception, but the estimation of a work according to its own law? what is judicial wisdom, but respect for the laws of evidence? what is love itself, but yielding to an idea "dearer than self"? Coleridge, in one of the most beautiful of similes, illustrates the pregnant truth, that the more we know, the greater is our thirst for knowledge, and the more we love, the more instinctive our sympathy:—"The water-lily, in the midst of waters, opens its leaves and expands its petals, at the first patterning of the shower; and rejoices in the rain-drops with a quicker sympathy than the parched shrub in the sandy desert."

The factitious life in religion, society, enterprise, art, and letters is as spasmodic as in morbid bodily conditions ; constitutional resources, natural and real, in the former as in the latter, are the only pledges of reality and endurance. Yet the impudent life-theory in vogue mistakes the wilful for the soulful ; makes enormous capital of half-truths ; in medicine, lures the imagination to repose upon inadequate remedies ; in theology, substitutes a formula for a conviction ; in politics, conceals by a narrow and temporary issue essential principles and scope, and evades statesmanship to enjoy office ; in art, multiplies cheap mechanical expedients, and shrinks from personal originality which alone creates ideals ; in life, prefers the tactician to the hero, the charlatan to the seer, the amazon to the woman, the prodigy to the child, pretence to power ; and even in the highest sphere of consciousness, seeks in legerdemain the consolation once felt to be only enshrined in spiritual intuitions. Those two vast sources of truth and beatitude,—the past and its legacies, and the present of the soul and not of the world,— whence piety and poetry draw such affluent inspiration, are hidden from the prying, pert, and confident gaze which looks only before, as upon a domain to be conquered and possessed ; while subdued and earnest eyes, that have glimpses of the infinite, look “before and after,” around and within, as upon a realm of wonder and divine passivities, to be realized through reverence, work, and love.

ART. VII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

ON several occasions we have expressed great satisfaction with the indications of theological activity and progress in the Church of England, and especially with the recent valuable contributions of Jowett, Stanley, Alford, Trench, and others, to the criticism and interpretation of the Scriptures. We have now the pleasure of bringing to the notice of our readers an important and timely little work on the text of the New Testament.*

We say timely; for though much has been said of late, both in England and this country, of the necessity of a revised *version* of the Scriptures, very little attention has been given to the *text*, which is to be represented by such a version. But this is a very important matter. It will make a very great difference in the respect to which any new version may be entitled, to know whether it represents what happens to be the received text, or a text founded on a compromise with prejudice, like that of Knapp or of Hahn, or one which is the result of the best scientific criticism of the age, like that of Tischendorf. It is well known to those who are acquainted with the text of the New Testament, as revised by Tischendorf or Lachmann or Griesbach, that it is not uncommon to meet with elaborate expositions of matter as Scripture which is entirely spurious; proof-texts which never proceeded from any Scripture writer in any form, or not in the form in which they are quoted; and attempts to remove difficulties which exist only in corruptions of the original text.

The design of the work of Rev. Mr. Green is to awaken an interest in the subject, and to contribute something to the establishment and confirmation of a correct New Testament text. He would have us read the New Testament as the Evangelists and Apostles wrote it, and not as it was corrupted long after they were dead. He has given critical comments on more than two hundred passages of the New Testament, which are *materially affected* by various readings, and has indicated the reading which he regards as the true one; and, which is the peculiar merit of his book, the reasons on which his conclusion is founded. He states these reasons with remarkable clearness and conciseness, weighing the evidence with great care, having excellent tact as to what is material and what immaterial, and applying with good judgment the established principles and rules of criticism in relation to the internal marks of genuineness or spuriousness.

Though we differ with Mr. Green in regard to one or two doubtful passages, we have met with no recent English writer on this subject

* A Course of Developed Criticism on Passages of the New Testament materially affected by various Readings. By REV. THOMAS SHELDON GREEN, M. A., late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge; Head-Master of the Grammar School, Ashby de la Zouch. London : Samuel Bagster and Sons.

who has given better evidence of having laboriously and carefully considered every passage on which he comments, who has reasoned more correctly, or who has manifested, in general, a sounder judgment. He is altogether free from any doctrinal bias, and does not, like several of his predecessors in England, think it necessary to apologize, or make solemn professions of his orthodoxy, when he pronounces a text spurious or corrupt in the light of evidence, and in accordance with the demands of criticism.

The conclusions of Mr. Green, on the texts which he examines, very generally coincide with those of Tischendorf, and go to confirm the opinion, which is now nearly universal among scholars, that that indefatigable German has given us by far the purest text of the New Testament.

But perhaps it may be asked, Where is the necessity of such a book as Mr. Green's, commenting on a little more than two hundred passages, when we have the completely corrected text of the whole New Testament in the edition of Tischendorf? The answer is, that Tischendorf, like Griesbach, gives, in the text, merely his decisions; and, in the margin, the authorities by which each reading is supported. But Mr. Green gives not only the authorities, but the critical *balancing* of authorities, and the *process* of critical reasoning, relating to internal as well as external evidence, by which he arrives at his decision. The book will therefore be an excellent companion for Tischendorf's or any other critical edition of the New Testament. It will be an excellent guide to theological students in the practice of textual criticism. In the critical editions of Tischendorf, and others, we have in their margin a register of the authorities on which their decisions rest; but on account of the great number of minute abbreviations and other marks, this register presents to the young student an appearance of intricacy and confusion. Of the *steps* of the reasoning connecting the adopted text with the cited authorities, of the various considerations which affect these authorities in particular cases, and of the internal evidence or probabilities which belong to each case, a critical editor can rarely give any intimation for want of space. But Mr. Green, selecting a large number of the more important passages affected by various readings, and exhibiting his process of reasoning, and not only his authorities, but his manner of estimating and applying them, has given the young student a model of critical investigation which he can apply to all other passages of the New Testament. We should have been glad to see Mr. Green's remarks on some other passages; for instance, Gal. iv. 25; Luke ix. 10, 54-56; Rom. xvi. 25-27; 1 Cor. x. 9.

On these accounts we strongly commend the book of Mr. Green to those who are interested in the text of the New Testament. We should like to have it republished in this country. What better service could some bishop of the Church to which Mr. Green belongs perform for the Bible, than to cause to be republished, for the use of clergymen and students of theology, a work which goes far to establish the true text of more than two hundred passages of the New Testament?

GERMANY.

OUR half-yearly chronicle reports the following recent publications, mostly theological:—

Of *Kuntz's "Handbook of Universal Church History"* we have the first volume of the second edition; the second part extends to the second Trullan Council.

"The Original Order of Public Worship in the Lutheran Churches of Germany, its Subversion and Reformation." Second greatly enlarged edition. Vol. I., by *Kliefoth*. Schwerin. This volume treats instructively of worship in the Old and New Testaments, and in the early Church until the time of Cyprian.

Bachman's "Laws of the Pentateuch, relative to Festivals; a new Critical Inquiry." W. Schultze, Berlin. The author, who has since been induced to undertake the professorship at Rostock vacated by Baumgarten, has attempted in this work to overthrow the results of Hupfeld's Programmes of Jewish Feasts, (to which is now added a third, treating of the Year of Jubilee,) in the spirit of Hengstenberg and other enemies of sound critical inquiry.

"The Gathas of the Zarabustra," edited, translated, and illustrated by *Dr. Martin Haug*. First Part. Brockhaus, Leipzig. This is the first attempt at a scientific understanding and translation of the oldest songs of the Zendavesta, which in antiquity are equal at least to the Vedas. The author is known as a master in that province. He is an assistant of Bunsen in the *Bibelwerk*, of which the remainder of the Pentateuch was to appear last month.

A well-meant critique has been published by *Wiegardt*, in Berlin, with the title, "Bunsen's Bibelwerk, or Colloquies for all, by Alethophilos."

"Donatus and Augustine, or the First Decisive Struggle between Separatism and the Church." By *F. Ribbeck*. Bädeker, Elberfeld. This work has the practical aim of dissuading from Separatism, to which the author himself, as a Baptist, was once addicted. It is thorough and broad.

The fourth volume (Parts I. and II.), just published, of *R. Vormbaum's "Biographical History of Evangelical Missions,"* contains the biographies of George Schmidt, Moravian missionary in South Africa, and of Th. Salomo Schumann, Moravian missionary in South America. Bädeker, Elberfeld.

"Wycliffe as Precursor of the Reformation," an Inaugural Discourse delivered in Leipzig, by *G. V. Lechler*, contains nothing new. Leipzig, Fleischer.

"Gregorii Nazianz. Oratio Apologetica de Fuga sua." Cum Select. Annotat. ad Editionem Benedict. Ed. Alzog. Friborg. Brisigar. (For Catholics.)

Ph. Heber's "Heroes of the Christian Faith on the Rhine before the time of Charlemagne." Supplement, concerning Siegfried the Dragon-Killer. Frankfort. Valuable as reaction against the present extravagant estimate of Boniface, the first apostle to the Germans.

"Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," by *W. Prisac*, Canon of Aix-la-Chapelle, and Knight of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Coppenrath, Münster. The time has passed when travels in Palestine possessed scientific value; this work ranks with numerous others of the same class, better calculated to edify than to instruct.

"John Huss and Jerome of Prague." By *C. Becker*. Nördlingen. Designed for popular use.

"Constantin et Théodore devant les Églises Orientales. Étude tirée des Sources Grecques et Arméniennes." By *F. Néve*. Louvain, Bruxelles. 1857.

"Notes of a Citizen of Amsterdam concerning Swedenborg, together with Accounts of the Author," (F. C. Curo, who died toward the close of the last century,) by *Scheler*, Librarian, (Rümpler, Hanover,) contains very attractive extracts from the diary of an admirer, but not a follower, of that extraordinary man.

"Johann Friedrich der Mittlere," Duke of Saxony. By *A. Beek*, in two parts. In this work the founding of the University of Jena, and the theological disputes of that day, are profitably handled.

"Leonis P. VIII. Privilegium de investituris Ottonis I. Imperatoris concessum, nec non Ludovici Germanorum Regis Summorum Pontificum Archiepiscoporum Coloniensium aliorum Sæculis IX., X., XI. Epistolæ. Ex Codice Trevirensi nunc primum edidit *H. T. Floss*. Præmittitur de Ecclesiæ periculis Imperatore Ottone I. Disputatio." Friborg. Brisig. A meritorious contribution to ecclesiastical jurisprudence.

"The Development of the Ecclesiastical Architecture of the Middle Age." Two Lectures delivered before the Evangelical Union in Berlin, by *F. von Quast*. With copperplate engravings. Berlin. The work of one of our greatest art-critics.

"The Religious Discussion at Ratisbon in 1541, and the Ratisbon Book, together with other Writings of the Time relative to that Matter; from original Sources." By Pfarrer *Hergang*. Fischer, Cassel. In German and Latin we have here the documents appertaining to that first attempt at union between the German Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches.

A second amended edition of *Thiersch's* work, "The Church in the Time of the Apostles, and the Origin of the Writings of the New Testament." Heyder, Frankfort. The author has abandoned for the present the continuation of this work, distinguished for its merits in the way of inquiry and of presentation.

Nitzsch's "Discourses on Christian Dogmatics for Students of all the Faculties." Wiegardt and Grieber, Berlin. This work, printed from the notes of a hearer, revised by the author, is too difficult of comprehension for the general reader; but for theologians it will be serviceable as illustrating his other works.

Peip's "Christosophy" (Dümmler, Berlin) is dedicated to Liebener; and, like that author's "Mystik," though deficient in clear fundamental ideas, is a fervent and pleasant book.

"The Pentateuch grammatically dissected." By *Hecht*. School-Book

Depository, Brunswick. Very useful; a *pons asinorum* for those who, with an imperfect knowledge of Hebrew, are desirous of consulting the original text.

Clarus's "Elements of Christian Mysticism in the Life of St. Antony the Eremite." Coppenrath, Münster. Developed on the basis of Görres's *Mysticism of Asceticism*.

Lämmer's "Ante-Tridentine Catholic Theology of the Time of the Reformation." Schlawitz, Berlin. This work fills a sensible gap in developing more exactly the doctrine of the Church of Rome as already affected by the positions and negations of the Reformers while yet unbound by the decrees of Trent, from 1715 to 1745.

F. C. Baur's Manual of the History of Christian Dogmatic. Second edition. Fuss, Tübingen. Revised and brought down to the present time.

Wohlfarth's "Philip Melanthon" (Fleisher, Leipzig) contains nothing new.

W. Neumann's Commentary on Jeremiah (including Lamentations), in 2 vols., notwithstanding its sickly sentimentality, is philologically a useful work.

Ewald's "History of the People of Israel," Vol. VI., embraces the age of the Apostles to the destruction of Jerusalem. It is especially valuable for the insight it furnishes into the connection of the doings of the primitive Church with the history of the time, and into the state of the Roman law. Another volume will bring the work to the close of the century, and its own, and contain the much-needed indexes.

"History of Protestantism in its Newest Development," in 2 vols., by *T. E. Törg.* Freiburg. A very skilful presentation of all the important phenomena, and instructive, though judged from the Roman point of view.

"The Austrian and Würtemberg Concordat." By *Reyscher.* Tübingen. Second edition. An acute critique, which has created much sensation.

By *Tolowicz*, the "Bibliotheca Ægyptiæ," a repertory of the works and treatises relating to Egypt, to the year 1857. Leipsic. Arranged according to subjects, and embracing many smaller and less known writings.

"Peter Martyr Vermigli." By *C. Schmidt*, Elberfeld. This work belongs to a collection which has been commenced of the Fathers of the Reformed Church. The author shows himself an able historian.

An eighth improved edition of *Hase's Church History*.

"A History of Student Life in Jena, from the Foundation of the University to the Present Time," 1548–1858. By Dr. *Richard Keil* and Dr. *Robert Keil.* Brockhaus, Leipzig. Welcome to all who have had pleasant experience of a German student's life.

"The Theology of Jena in its Historical Development." By *B. G. Frank.* Breitkopf, Leipzig.

"From the Life of Schleiermacher, in Letters." 2 vols. *Reimer.* Berlin. A work the more attractive and important from the fact that there exists no adequate biography of that great theologian.

"Science of the Logical Idea." By *K. Rosenkranz*. Königsberg. (Hegelian.)

"The Etrusean proved to be Semitic by Explanation of Inscriptions and Names." By *F. G. Stickel*. With woodcuts, &c. Engelmann, Leipsic. The fact is abundantly proved by the celebrated Orientalist, and gives us one Semitic language the more.

"The Book of Kings of the Ancient Egyptians." By *C. Richard Lepsius*. First Part. Text and Tables of Dynasties. Hertz, Berlin. A work of twenty years, designed to restore with the greatest possible completeness the series of Egyptian kings, with names and dates.

Uhlemann closes his "Handbook of Egyptian Antiquities," with the fourth volume, containing "The Literature of the Ancient Egyptians explained and illustrated by Specimens"; with two lithographic plates. Wigand, Leipzig.

"The Isthmus of Suez, illustrating the Project of a Canal, and the Exodus of the Israelites." With six plates and a map of Northeastern Egypt. By *M. T. Schleiden*. Leipzig. This well-known naturalist here furnishes very exact geographical investigations; and, possessed as he is of the results of the most recent criticism of the Pentateuch, endeavors to show that, according to the oldest document, (the Elohistic,) the march of the Israelites was not through the Red Sea, but across the narrow neck which separates the Mediterranean from the so-called Sirmonis Sea.

H. Wiskeman's "Doctrine and Practice of the Jesuits," (Cassel,) has taken the prize offered by Dr. Mariot in Basle, and exposes in the Protestant sense the lax moral principles of the Order.

D. Schenkel's "Christian Dogmatic from the Stand-point of Conscience," (Wiesbaden,) is a new investigation of the idea of religion on Schleiermacher's ground, with an attempt to supplement his positions by introducing the idea indicated in the title. The unionistic stand-point.

Roeth's "History of Western Philosophy. Vol. II. Greek Philosophy. The most ancient Ionian Thinkers, and Pythagoras." Mannheim. The author, who has since died, (a Professor at Heidelberg,) endeavors with monstrous diligence, but without much critical caution, to carry out his fundamental idea of the derivation of Greek philosophy from Egyptian priests; and at the same time to prove that the Orphic poems, as the Alexandrians and Neoplatonists maintained, constitute a great didactic poem,—the work of Pythagoras, the reformer of the Orphic Mysteries.

HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES.

AT first sight there is something quite unaccountable in the void, left so long unfilled, between Arnold and Gibbon, the earlier and the later history of Rome. The stately empire of the Cæsars is known to the English reader only in its germ or in its decline. Our knowledge of the great Julius has been left to be gathered from the anecdotes of Plutarch, the dramatizing of Shakespeare (in which he plays so poor

a figure), the vacillating partisanship of Cicero, or the declamation of Sheridan Knowles; and of the consummate statesmanship of his successor hardly a sketch had been given, at all worthy of the imperial topic. The splendid pages of De Quincey were our best hint of the dominion of "the Cæsars,"—even more overwhelming to sovereign than to subject,—yet only from a single and exaggerated point of view. Perhaps there is something in the temper of the English mind, which makes it unable to approach that brilliant and formidable despotism with the calm balance of historical judgment. Certainly the void we speak of has been one of the marked phenomena of English historical literature.

Our readers are aware how well it has been filled by the successive volumes of Merivale's "Romans under the Empire."* The appearance of this last, and a careful reading of all six, enable us to bear our thankful testimony to its very great ability, its intimate and masterly scholarship, and in particular to the singular interest and power of discrimination in the characters it draws of the men who won or lost in that great game whose stake was the dominion of the world. Only the rarest and slightest indications of his ecclesiastical prepossessions bias Mr. Merivale's historic judgment. Calm, clear, full, and accurate, down to the location of a village or bridge, or the posting and encampments of a cohort, he has spread before us a picture of the imperial age of Rome, which leaves as little to be desired as we can easily conceive in a work of the sort.

Two things are especially noticeable in his narration;—his easy and intimate familiarity with the Latin literature, so that his lightest touches of color, or light or shade, have the *genuine* look we demand in a drawing from nature; and the freedom of his critical handling of his material. It is this last, in particular, which will strike the majority of readers. The bitter partisanship of Tacitus, the credulous anecdoting of Suetonius, the *chronique scandaleuse* of Dion and the later tale-writers of the Empire, are sifted and cross-questioned, and made to yield at least an intelligible, consistent, and *human* picture of men whom we had put quite beyond the pale of our humanity, at best bestowing on them the mock-charity of a verdict of "morally insane." We see how slowly the painstaking, anxious, and somewhat narrow understanding of Tiberius was warped from his one idea of a model state, till his name became a synonyme for the sullenest terrors of despotism, and his memory was cursed in Rome, as the fountain-head of tyranny, much as the name of "Jeroboam the son of Nebat, which made Israel to sin." Caligula is not made out, certainly, the most amiable of men; but just as little, the hair-brained despot, the monster-madman we had taken him to be. Claudius is fairly redeemed from the contempt to which he had been left, in default of any advocate; and shown to be, if not a genius, at least a man of fair understanding and more than fair attainments, who in a sincere, pedantic way of his

* A History of the Romans under the Empire. By CHARLES MERIVALE. Vol. VI. London: Longman & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 606.

own did try a task beyond his strength, to rule the state after the antique Roman polity. It is not till we come to Nero that we are suffered to feel mere scorn or hate for the heirs of the Julian name, who followed their illustrious head with so unequal steps. And our common humanity is glad to believe that the darkest blots that rest even on him are the infamous scandal only half excused by the reaction from the base dread of his base tyranny.

We do not mean that Mr. Merivale writes as a vindicator of the Roman despotism, or an apologist of the men who wielded it. But his is the first instance we remember of criticism so scholarly and able, so clearly, consistently, and fearlessly applied to the historical authorities of the period,—particularly to Tacitus, whose warped and saturnine assertions we have too easily been content to take as fixed fact. Tacitus is an historian whose great merits are shown to lie in the line of imagination and picturesque effect, and away from the line of sober judgment and trustworthy testimony;—a brilliant story-teller, a bitter partisan, a critic morbidly austere, too willing to point his moral and adorn his tale by what has no better authority than court scandal and lying memoirs of Agrippina and the rest. How much is strictly original in Mr. Merivale's criticism we do not know; but we owe him, in our judgment, quite as much gratitude as to the race of critics who have undermined our faith in Livy, the picturesque, unrivalled, immortal story-teller of early Rome.

Three volumes of the work are occupied with the revolutionary period of the Roman Republic,—the half-century from the death of Sulla to the complete organization of the imperial power under Augustus. That before us brings the history down to an epoch where the author seems content to rest, at least for a season. But we trust he will not delay to fill the void of the century still remaining before we come to Commodus and Gibbon. This volume has a special interest in the picture it gives (along with the base chronicle of Nero's reign) of the first Christians in Rome, including those "of Cæsar's household"; and of the fatal revolt of the Jews,—the last bloody struggle for national independence against the sullen, all-absorbing dominion of the Empire City. "With the reduction of Palestine," says Mr. Merivale, "the consolidation of the empire was complete. From the Mersey to the Dead Sea no nation remained erect, and the resistance of the last free men on her frontiers had been expiated with their blood. The overthrow of Judæa, with all the monuments of an ancient but still living civilization, was the greatest crime of the conquering republic. It commenced in wanton aggression, and was effected with a barbarity, of which no other example occurs in the records of civilization." Its story is drawn, in feebler lines, after the vivid and passionate narrative of Josephus,—but drawn merely as one scene in a drama, the interest and depth of whose plot are already exhausted. Indeed, writer and reader grow a little weary together, after the pitiful extinction of the Julian house in Nero. The wretched struggle for empire which followed—which made Vespasian the fourth Emperor in about a year—is drearily void of dramatic interest in this pains-

taking detail of its plots and marches ; and the last struggle of the German tribes, under Civilis, on which the lost books of Tacitus drop so sudden a veil, is not told with half the spirit and vigor of our countryman, Motley. In saying this, and in referring to the chapters that follow Cæsar's narrative of his wars with wearisome detail, we have specified almost the only drawback to our great pleasure and satisfaction in these volumes. And we repeat now the expression of our gratitude, that so much of intellect, scholarship, and candor has been brought to the unfolding of perhaps the grandest subject which all secular history affords,—unless it be that second, more enduring empire which Christian Rome founded on the ruins of the first.

THE appearance of a new version of Herodotus,* with the promise of so remarkable and fresh a chapter of antiquities as that promised in Mr. Rawlinson's volumes, offers topics of interest which we cannot pretend to despatch in a brief note. Designing soon to give our readers a carefully prepared view of the wide field, but partly excavated by the extraordinary skill and enterprise of these learned Englishmen, we shall at present only indicate what manner of work it is, and something of the nature of the ground it covers. Two or three symptoms, lying on the surface, make one at first sight a little suspicious and dissatisfied. Like Mr. Gladstone, the Rawlinsons are very needlessly shy of the Greek names of the Pantheon, and disturb us with the hybrid deities of Latium, and the associations that belong not to the Hellenic Olympus. Then a scholar—and one not a scholar would hardly care for the book—naturally looks for the text of his author at first hand; and is a little sorry to find, for the quaint, naive simplicity of the Father of History, only a translation, abridged to meet the decorum of English speech. Then a remark or two about oracles (Vol. I. p. 92), and an argument (which we should have supposed quite obsolete) that Tyre *was* captured by Nebuchadnezzar, because Ezekiel prophesied that it *would be* (p. 514), show us that history is getting a little tangled with dogmatics, and we begin to feel suspicious about our witness. Also, to one not an adept in the mysteries of ethnology, it seems incredible that the laborious argument as to races and forms of speech in Western Asia, so thoroughly obscure spite of all deciphering of stones and arrow-heads, can tell for so much in our veritable knowledge of ancient history. And the reader of only average intelligence in these matters is apt to feel a little disappointed with his first few hours' study of these pages,—to shrink from the weariness of the process, and to cavil at the leanness of the result.

We hope to show hereafter that this first impression is a mistaken

* The History of Herodotus : a new English Version, edited with Copious Notes and Appendices, illustrating the History and Geography of Herodotus, from the most Recent Sources of Information ; and embodying the Chief Results, Historical and Ethnographical, which have been obtained in the Progress of Cuneiform and Hieroglyphical Discovery. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, assisted by COLONEL SIR HENRY RAWLINSON and SIR J. G. WILKINSON. In four volumes. Vols. I. and II. With Maps and Illustrations. London : John Murray.

one,—at least the latter part of it. Certainly there is an interest, to the coldest imagination, even solemn and profound, in the laying bare of secrets so long hidden,—in gazing on relics of nations buried in the dust of forgotten antiquity before Herculaneum was swept with its lava-flood. As the traveller will never forget the thrill with which he first saw those misshapen relics just lifted above the soil under the shadow of Vesuvius, so one who has seen from a little way the explorations of the last few years in the farther East, will not forget the sense of curiosity and delight, not unmixed with awe, that he felt at the first tidings of Nineveh and its sculptured rocks, and the deciphered inscriptions on the bricks of Babylon the great.

What a patient, conscientious, accurate scholarship, eminent in this one field, can do to put the general reader in possession of facts so unexampled in their kind, and of so strange an interest, is faithfully done here. These volumes have none of the dashing adventure, none of the excitement of discovery, that in Layard's narrative made the plain of the Euphrates of a sudden the favorite and familiar ground of our travelled fancy. But the research in them is one which rewards our patience in another way. Those curious, intersecting lines among the histories we call sacred and profane, on ground common to Berosus, Herodotus, and Isaiah; and the parallel reading of these most remote records of history or mythology, with the brief, dim hints of Hebrew Scripture on the one hand, and the last results of modern ethnology, geography, and antiquities on the other,—above all, the glimpse we get, imperfect and far away, of this scene so early and so eventful, in the obscure dawn of civilization and social progress,—reward well the careful student, who will be grateful to find the knowledge he has got from the charmed page of Herodotus enlarged, confirmed in the main, and cleared up in many puzzling obscurities. The life of the historian, though both more and less full than we could wish, is a valuable introduction to the work. Its critical remarks and discussions are satisfactory in the main; and one is particularly glad to find the good faith of the historian defended, and the merit of his tale set forth in contrast to the lean, dry annals of earlier or rival chroniclers.

The first volume of the work—a noble octavo of about eight hundred pages—contains, besides the Life and Dissertations, only one book of the History, covering, mainly, the antiquities of Asia Minor, Assyria, and Persia. The second contains Books II. and III. The great episode on Egypt, occupying all the second book,—perhaps the most curious and entertaining of all our pictures of the ancient world,—is abundantly illustrated by Sir J. G. Wilkinson, so as to be one of our completest manuals of Egyptology. And no student of Herodotus needs to be reminded of the later topics of interest, among the Libyans, Ethiopians, and Scythians, the Magian (or Chaldaean?) religious revolt under Smerdis, the imperial constitution of Darius, and the momentous conflict of Marathon and Salamis. Probably the main and characteristic value of the work is to be found in these first portions, which include so marked a specialty of its several contributors. But we shall be glad to meet them again on more familiar ground. And any undue

Hellenic prejudice will be overcome by the satisfaction of having the body of intelligent English readers put in possession of so large a mass of scholarly investigation; of so high and unimpeached authority.

THERE would be something ungenerous in passing a hasty and supercilious criticism upon the well-meant first attempt of an industrious scholar in a field so very remote and difficult of access as that which Mr. Dunlap has explored.* The penalty of entering such a field is to be inevitably half understood, and often wholly misjudged. Only one who, like the investigator, has made it his special beat, has a right to pronounce a verdict of true or false on a tithe of the wilderness of assertions his work contains. In style and apparent purpose, as well as by its title, this volume reminds us of Mackay's "Progress of the Intellect," — a work about as little satisfactory, considering its undoubted ability and its very great range of reading, as anything we remember to have met. No author, whatever his accomplishments or learning — especially if he be young and previously unknown — can expect the majority of men to accept, on his mere say-so, a series of propositions which make such immense havoc of their prepossessions, and deal, by dint of such terrifying generalizations, with all the mythologies at once. Imagine the scandal of an average reader at such statements as the following: —

" Israel (Saturn) contends with Elohim, and conquers. Israel and Uso (Aso, Esau) are opposed. Esau is Samael, which is the name of Azazel and Satan; he not unfrequently obtains the epithet Mars, ' wild boar,' Old Serpent Satan. Samael is Satan, and probably the Angel of Death. Abel (Bel) is killed by Kin (Iachin, Agni, Chon, Moloch). So Siva strikes off the head of Brahma. Baal is both Sun-god and Malach-bel (Baal-Moloch). So the Hebrews have their Malak Ihoh, the Angel of the Lord, who wrestles with Jacob. Both sides (of Hercules) were regarded as Two Beings united into one personality and adored together as Moloch and Chiun. In Tyre they were Uso and Hypsuranius, or Baal-Moloch and Baal-Chiun, who constitute the dualistic conception of the Tyrian Hercules. Movers says that the Two Pillars in the temples were the emblems of these two hostile sides or Brothers, and that they were regarded as the greatest gods of the Phœnicians." — p. 300.

Our complaint of this book, as well as of Mackay's, is not that every one of these assertions may not be true, but that they stand as bare assertions, — some of them, as we know, copied from writers of very doubtful authority, — utterly unsupported by any evidence, and being merely the utterance of a particular school of mythological symbolism or speculation. We shall not be surprised, one day, to find some writer advancing, as an established and familiar fact, the reckless surmise of Ghillany, that Moses offered up Aaron in sacrifice on Mount Hor, and that the Passover, in its first form, was a veritable cannibal banquet! Only this is to be said of Ghillany, that, in however perverse fashion, he yet has a rough logic of his own, and fortifies his assertions by what he regards as proofs.

* *Vestiges of the Spirit-History of Man.* By S. F. DUNLAP. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The paragraph we have quoted as a sample is among the less repelling and learned-looking that might be gathered from this volume in scores. They certainly indicate a very large amount and a very peculiar line of reading. Some pages are little else than bare catalogues of names, in which Sanscrit and Celt, Hellenic and Chinese, Hebrew and Oscan, Aztec and Dacotah, (or sources at least equally odd and wide asunder,) furnish each its shred to the strange-patterned tissue. No doubt the argument of the book has its leading thought, which makes its coherent and shapely in its author's mind; but it is not well enough digested to be either intelligible or helpful to the reader. We do not dispute that diligent study might gather many hints striking and valuable,—perhaps enough to reward the pains of search. But it is a task which few readers will impose on themselves, excepting those who are themselves explorers in the same track, and seek these hints as guides in a line of investigation quite independent.

We have said enough to indicate the placid, cool, amazing heresies of this volume,—seemingly quite unconscious of the faiths and prejudices which it brushes aside so lightly. But it compares very advantageously in spirit and temper with the volumes we have named in connection with it. There is no cynic or partisan spirit manifest, no parading of what is damaging and offensive to the presumed opinion of its readers. Its tone is calm, thoughtful, both intellectually and morally sincere, so far as we have means of judging. It is a real faith, and not the mere shadow and mock of one, in which the writer would merge the dim traditions and wild mythologies and fair humanities of old religion. Quite aside from any argument or theory, too, the general reader will easily glean from these handsome pages many a curiosity of information, many a quaint illustration of lines of thought and habits of life very far away from our familiar knowledge or our every-day scholarship. We gladly give the author honor for the manful, earnest, painstaking way in which he has gathered his harvest of erudition, and trust that a maturer skill may yet thresh from it bread-corn, to the nourishment and strength of more ordinary minds.

As a comprehensive manual and brief of the history of the Mohammedan faith, of its sects, its dogmas, its discipline, and its ritual, the small work of Hackluya* will be found very convenient. It is well put together, without superfluous words, and with as much clearness as the subject will allow. Successive chapters are given to the geography, ethnography, and history of the Arabian peninsula; to the life and adventures of Mohammed, whose work and purpose, in the author's opinion, were those of a religious reformer; to the Koran and the four orthodox rites; to the daily prayers, feasts, and fasts of Islam, with an account of the Kaaba, and the ceremonies of pilgrimage; to the story of Mussulman proselytism, from the first Caliphs to the Ottoman race which at present rules; to a catalogue of the various dynasties which

* *Histoire de l'Islamisme et des Sectes qui s'y rattachent.* Par LEBLANC D'HACKLUYA. Paris: Victor Lecou. 1852. 16mo. pp. 145.

have risen from the ruins of the Caliphate, from Spain to China; to the philosophical and religious parties of Islam; and, finally, to the principal poets, lawyers, and historians of the Mussulman people.

Most of the facts contained in these chapters are generally known and admitted, though it is not easy to find so good a statement of them. Some things, however, are mentioned, which we have not before noticed in a book of this kind; as, for instance, the explanation of the hundred grains of the Moslem rosary, representing the name of Allah and his ninety-nine attributes.

M. Hackluya's explanation of Schiism is a little different from that which we have been accustomed to see. "Ali," he says, "wished that religion should always harmonize with reason, and should be supported by the study of nature. Schiism glorifies individualism, and destroys social life; and this explains the national inferiority of the Persians to the Turks." He regards the Koran as favorable to the progress of thought and freedom of inquiry, and asserts that there is greater variety and latitude in the Mohammedan creed than in the Christian. He shows that the wildest vagaries of Christian thought have been surpassed by speculations which Islam has suggested and authorized. Proudhon's doctrine, that "property is robbery," is anticipated in the work of the Persian Mazdak; and this doctrine, which a Sultan embraced, could only be exterminated from Persia by fire and sword. Every shade of opinion, from ultra Pharisaism to the blankest atheism and moral indifference, is represented by some Moslem sect. The "Mewlevis" had precisely the ecstatic dreams and visions which the Spiritualists of our day pretend to have. The "Rouffais" laid great stress on the exact measure of future reward and punishment. The "Calenders" seem to have been a sort of barefooted friars, whose whole duty it was to go without shoes and to hate other sects. The "Soukkiouts" were the *know-nothings*, and their boast was that nobody should find from them what they believed. The "Hebibuharis" spent all their time in calling themselves "miserable sinners," and praying the Lord's forgiveness. Yet, like good High-Churchmen, they were exclusive, and boasted that they were the true Church, and better than other men. Many such entertaining details may be found in M. Hackluya's book.

THE latest issue of the New York Library of Catholic Literature which has come to our hand is the History of the Jesuit Missions in Japan and Paraguay, by Mrs. (or Miss?) Caddell.* It is the most instructive book of the series. It tells the story of missionary efforts as remarkable as any recorded in the history of the Church. No "curious and edifying letters" can relate a more thrilling tale of self-sacrifice, heroism, diplomatic caution, brave patience, and fervent piety, of the wisdom of the serpent joined to the harmlessness of the dove, than the tale of the attempt of the Jesuit fathers to Christianize Japan.

The tale is more painfully interesting that it is finished, and we can

* A History of the Missions in Japan and Paraguay. By CECILIA MARY CADDELL. New York: D. & J. Sadlier. 12mo. pp. 298.

see the end of the tragedy. It is sad that such persevering effort should end in such disaster; but the whole history of Catholic (and, so far as we can see now, Protestant) missions is fated to close with this disheartening issue. The author of this book has accomplished her object in exhibiting the virtues and sufferings of a band of modern martyrs. It is of small moment to the Roman Church in their estimate of worth, that mistake and failure have marked the lives of their saints. They judge their men rather by the amount of trials they bear, than of success which they achieve. They lose no faith in propagandism, because it has so little to show on the final trial balance. If they have been driven off their ground, they rejoice to be able to show that they fairly occupied it. If they can save no more souls there, it is a subject of rejoicing that they have secured already the salvation of so many souls. They think of the work done for heaven as a positive work, and quite separate it from all connection with the progress of civilization.

But it is impossible for a Protestant thinker to view missions in that way. And this book, with most histories of the kind, is another testimony to the immense waste of zeal and power involved in religious propagandism. There is no form of human labor which produces so little for so large an outlay. Catholics have a great advantage over Protestants in their missionary operations, not only in the more picturesque and attractive form of religion which they bring, but in the superior freedom of their unencumbered movements. The expense of their operations is chiefly in human life and in waste of brain. They have not the nuisance of costly organizations at home, or expensive sinecures which stand between the active missionary and the supporting public. Their evangelists go free to their work, and take care of themselves. Yet even they do scarcely anything for the real welfare and improvement of the people among whom they labor. At least this is the impression which the story of their labors, however enthusiastically told, is sure to leave. The lives of the Jesuit fathers in Japan and Paraguay seem to have the same negative result as the lives of Grant and Judson. The waste is only one degree less lamentable than the waste of life on the field of battle. The record of missions favors only too much the cold secularism of Buckle's view of civilization.

AMONG the most unpretending yet most instructive books which the present struggle in India has called forth, is the brief yet comprehensive sketch of "British Rule," by Miss Martineau.* It is pleasant to find one who has so often been reported as nearly gone returning to that early task, which she discharged so admirably, of enlightening the popular ignorance of her countrymen on questions of practical moment, with powers neither chilled by years nor abated by disease. Commencing with the earliest knowledge of India, she brings her narrative, with an interest that never flags, and the intention at least of impartial justice, with descriptions that are vivid as paintings, and biographies that

* *British Rule in India, a Historical Sketch.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1857. 12mo.

have the charm of romances, down to the outbreak of the present insurrection. Here, at the most interesting period, when a fearless, vigorous, and thorough statement of the causes of the Sepoy revolt is so much needed, she closes with some characteristic sketches of "Modern Life in India"; leaving with us the impression that this "strangest of political anomalies," the government of one hundred and eighty millions by a handful of commercial adventurers, at the distance of half the globe from their island home, through frequently clashing boards of directors, for the pecuniary benefit of an English stock-company, has providentially resulted in the general good of the conquered country. And yet the fraud, oppression, cruelty, spoliation, which had apparently promoted industry, security, comfort, peace, and productiveness up to the present civil war, are presented without any disguise, as suggestive of that alienated feeling which has expressed itself in such exaggerated reports of savage vengeance.

At the close of the ninth chapter, Warren Hastings is thus generously presented:—"He committed crimes and inflicted misery as unnecessarily as wickedly. But, these crimes apart, he was a great benefactor to both countries, by amalgamating them to a greater extent than any other man had or could have done. He was the first Governor of India who could and did converse with any natives in their own tongue. He was the first who opened the potent resources of intellectual sympathy, by cultivating Oriental literature, and interesting the best minds of Europe in the history of our native subjects in Hindostan. He made the way easier for future Governors; and finished with his own strong hand the revolutionary period which perhaps no other could have brought to a close. It is impossible to esteem him, and impossible not to admire him. Without any appearance of a conscience, and as little indication of a heart, he had a most effective understanding; and deserved whatever praise can be commanded by vigorous and patient resolution, and a life of strenuous purposes carried out in unfaltering action. He could hardly have been a happy man at any time; but was strong enough to keep his foes at bay, and win a final victory in the form of an acquittal from charges for which he had in fact undergone a protracted punishment of disgrace and suspense."

Her contrasted view of the native army in the fourteenth chapter is still more striking:—"A stalwart soldiery of tall stature and unmixed blood; men believing nothing, and insisting upon everything they were accustomed to; with no faith, but plenty of superstition; servile to power, and diabolically oppressive to helplessness; prone to self-torture without any power of self-denial; bigoted to home and usages, without available affections or morality; smooth in language and manners, while brutal in grain; incapable of compassion, while disposed to good nature; good-tempered in general, with exceptions of incomparable vindictiveness; timid for a twelvemonth, then madly ferocious for a day; frivolous and fanatical; liars in general, and martyrs on occasion; scoundrels for the most part, and heroes by a rare transfiguration;—such were and such are the Rajpoots of whom our Bengal army has always been largely composed."

IN a "plain, unvarnished tale," the well-known and truly Honorable Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, has set before us the double crime of our country,—cruelty to the Indian blending with oppression of the Negro.* It is an artless story, arousing every generous heart, showing how great have been our offendings in connection with slavery, and how freedom has been benumbed with sleep while tyranny forged fresh chains. It is a new chapter in our bloodstained annals. We have been too easily led to think that some fiercer savages in the Florida everglades commenced that costly, protracted, deadly warfare with the United States, by preying upon the property and sacrificing the lives of the citizens of Georgia. This is simply because the aggressors have been telling the story to suit themselves. Now that we look through Mr. Giddings's researches into the documentary history of the times, we find that almost a century before the United States had any control of Florida these free exiles harbored there, married with the Indians, dwelt in a sunnyside peace, and multiplied upon a congenial soil. The unprovoked destruction of "Negro Fort" by United States troops in 1816 commences the series of outrages, perpetrated at the dictation of slave-holders, to destroy the last hiding-place of the fugitive slave. When only three persons escaped without injury of the hundreds who held this strong-hold in a foreign territory, when the few survivors were dragged into hopeless slavery, and the peaceful shelter cursed for ever as a scene of fearful outrage, the newspapers affected to wonder that these hunted-down, outraged, enslaved, massacred Seminoles and exiles were so savage against their unoffending neighbors, that they practised all an Indian's wiles, and murdered with an Indian's relish for his enemy's blood.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is not a more pathetic tale than this calm abstract from public despatches, national treaties, and official proclamations; nor a more fervent appeal against a system which changed a scene of Arcadian blessedness into a howling wilderness, sent out its bloodhounds upon the track of men born in freedom, wasted forty millions of dollars in conquest of a thousand Seminoles, and defaced our national honor by the violation of flags of truce and treachery to the most solemn engagements.

In this disgraceful picture of a strong nation crushing a weak tribe, and almost extirpating it, without any protest from the humanity of the nineteenth century, there are two slightly redeeming features. While the United States executive protested that "it could not in any way interfere to protect the exiles," distinguished officers like General Taylor and General Gaines repeatedly refused to participate in the gainful crime of manufacturing freemen into slaves, shielded these prisoners of war from Southern capture, and speeded them on to their Western homes. And again, when our government had actually made a sale of thirty-one exiles, under the pretence of their belonging to the Creek Indians, and the slave-trader imagined that they were within his hope-

* *The Exiles of Florida.* By JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS. 12mo. Columbus, Ohio.
1858.

less gripe, the independent action of army officers delivered them almost by miracle, and landed this last remnant of the colored freemen of Florida where the promise of territory of their own was made good by putting them at the mercy of their ancient enemies, the slaveholding Creeks!

It is generally known, we suppose, that the result of this unjust action of the United States was to oblige these natives of Florida to fly from the forays of the more numerous Creeks into Mexico, where again they have been harassed by the Texans, on account of their keeping this back door open for fugitives from slavery.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

IN "A Journey due North,"* George A. Sala, a favorite contributor to "Household Words," has given us an exceedingly curious narrative of a summer spent in Russia. It has been likened to Eothen, but those graceful "Traces of Eastern Travel" give perfectly distinct pictures of places, are full of reliable information, and only borrow their dreaminess from the regions over which the words seem to float as a native sky. But Sala seems purposely vague, digressive, fanciful, extravagant, scornful of places and times. Generally, one can neither tell where nor when he is writing, nor upon what precise theme. Every intelligent reader has certain views of this semi-Asiatic, semi-barbarous despotism, Russia; but as you advance in the "Journey due North" these grow less and less clear,—the mistiness which the writer professes to feel is imparted to the reader. After many pleasant hours spent in the most agreeable chat with one of the funniest of "paper-stainers," as he calls himself, only a few general impressions remain, though those are as boldly marked as coin just dropped from the mint.

Sala is justly severe on the universal bribery which curses every country of underpaid officials, and rises to a fabulous height in Russia, every man connected with the government living, not upon his salary, but upon extortion and peculation, bribery and villany. In the time of famine the government decrees pecuniary aid. But "do you know, my reader, that long months elapse before the imperial alms reach their wretched objects? do you know that the imperial bounty is banded from hand to hand; and that to each set of greasy fingers, belonging to scoundrels in gold and lace, and rogues with stars and crosses, there sticks a certain percentage on the sum originally allocated? The Czar gives, and gives generously. The Tchinn lick and paw the precious dole; and when it reaches its rightful recipients, it is reduced to a hundredth of its size."

The spy-police receives the execration it deserves. Its influence is shown in the general terror, in the hang-dog look, so common through the empire, in the dread each man bears of his neighbor, in the eagerness of the nobility to find a perpetual exile abroad. Yet Sala does not

* *A Journey Due North.* By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1858.

pause to show that such an absolute tyranny cannot be continued in the nineteenth century save by this hateful enginery ; and that the people have proved themselves incapable of freer institutions, and unwilling to accept them as a gift.

Egypt, we had thought, presented the most perfect picture of servility to be found amongst the living. But the Russian peasant seems just as willing to be insulted, robbed, beaten, trod upon, cut to pieces in sport. The only difference—that the Egyptian Fellah calls himself free, while the Russian peasant is not ashamed of his serfdom—is balanced by the fact, that the Egyptian is not a white man, while the Russian is. The Egyptian belongs to a country and a race banned by a prejudice which does not hang its yoke about his Russian brother. "I have seen," he says, "a gigantic policeman walk down the Nevskoi from the Pont de Police to the Kasan Church, beating, cutting across the face, pulling by the hair, and kicking every single one of the file of droschky-drivers who, with their vehicles, line the kerb. To the right and left, sometimes on to the pavement, sometimes into the kennel and under their horses' feet, went the poor bearded brutes under the brawny fists of this ruffian Goliath." And yet such proverbs as this he declares are common among the suffering class:—"A man who has been well beaten is worth two men who have not been. Five hundred blows with a stick will make a good grenadier; a thousand, a dragoon. 'T is only the lazy ones who don't beat us."

One redeeming feature in this universal degradation is the mercifulness of the Muscovite husbands. The old story of a Russian bride presenting her spouse a horsewhip upon the wedding-day, he pronounces to be fabulous; and the general conduct of the husbands he declares to be humane to all around them,—the farmers also to their cattle, and the parents to their children. An over-sad tale closes this seventeenth chapter, of a Josephine whom he met at a French barber's fireside, a harmless, spectral idiot, who had been bastinadoed by the police because she would not submit to her mistress-milliner's orders, and give herself up to a life of low vice. A few roubles slipped into the hands of the police by the old ogress, and the girl is so cruelly beaten that she attempts to take her life, and, after having been saved by the barber's humanity, relapses into the sad condition of permanent idiocy.

Sala's dashy style of narrative is certain to be popular with a class; many cosmopolitan hits are exceedingly good, though intensely bitter; there is a freshness about the pages like those of the discovery of a new land; and yet who can help regretting the wanton caricatures which make one suspicious of the whole narrative, the frequent digressions which consume the space due to more important topics, and the frivolity with which public vice is described and national profligacy laid bare?

MRS. JOHNSON* is the daughter of Dr. James T. Barclay, Ameri-

* Hadji in Syria; or, Three Years in Jerusalem. By MRS. SARAH BARCLAY JOHNSON. Philadelphia: James Challen and Sons. 1858. 12mo. pp. 303.

can missionary in Jerusalem, and author of the able work on the Holy City noticed in our number for March of this year. She writes more elegantly than her father, and her sketches have the grace and lightness of a skilful artist. Under cover of personal adventures and impressions, some curious information is given concerning manners and customs in Jerusalem, which can be found in no other work of the sort. There is the account of visits in disguise to the mosques of Omar and of Nebi David; of the interior of houses, Jewish, Turkish, and Christian; of the shops and shopkeepers, and all that they have to sell; of the harem and its inmates; of a Turkish wedding, at which the author was present; and of numerous excursions, north, south, east, and west. The religious sects of Jerusalem come in for discriminating notice, and are treated candidly, although it is easy to see that Mrs. Johnson is a zealous Protestant Christian, and no lover of any kind of religious legend or pious mummary. Perhaps the most interesting description in the volume is that in Chapter XX., on the "Fruits of Palestine." The number and variety of these, in all seasons of the year, will astonish those who are accustomed to think of Palestine as a land accursed, of stony mountains, barren plains, and rivers dried up. The catalogue of vegetables and fruits here given is rather an illustration of a land flowing with milk and honey.

The chapter on "Mohammedanism," in the main correct, but defective in one or two points, seems, from its style and method of treatment, to be the work of another hand. If Mrs. Johnson herself prepared it, it is very creditable to her scholarship. The short account of the "Druses," whom Mrs. Johnson saw only for a day in passing by their coast, is less reliable than the account of the Moslems. The only typographical mistake which we have observed in the volume is on page 46, where the *four* daughters of Philip the Evangelist are by a misprint changed to *five*.

An Oriental custom is to reward the successful physician with overwhelming gratitude; sometimes instead of more solid remuneration. Mrs. Johnson mentions the excess of reverence which prompted some of her father's patients to worship him upon their knees, which afforded her many opportunities of seeing harem-life in its best estate, and which no doubt opened to a female Giaour those forbidden gates, the tomb of David and the mosque of Omar. And now that the insignificant results of both of these visits have been twice given to the public with illustrations, we would respectfully remonstrate against any future repetition of the hazardous experiment. An hysterical laugh, the unconscious lifting of the veil, the natural exclamation of surprise or terror of a young woman encompassed by strangers, would result in consequences of which we shudder to think. No longer excused by the desire of obtaining additional intelligence, objectionable too as a wanton intrusion into places peculiarly sacred, an insurmountable obstacle ought to be the wanton hazard of life for no imaginable good to anybody. Mrs. Johnson herself was in no little peril. And we were grieved to find her mentioning as a slight affair, that, upon their visit to the Chapel of the Nativity, her party were so irreverent as to wound

the feelings of the worshippers and cause their own expulsion, at the peril of something worse. Is not the same respect due from us to strange religions that we exact from strangers towards our own services?

THE portion of India visited and traversed by Mr. Minturn * has become very familiar to English and American readers in the thrilling stories of the recent rebellion. Many of the cities which he describes have been the scenes of terrible conflict and carnage, and as such have been photographed for the million in the widely circulated illustrated newspapers. Meerut, Delhi, Agra, Allahabad, Cawnpoor, and Lucknow are now far better known than the cities of Mexico, the Hindostan of our Western hemisphere. Even before the late rebellion, Bayard Taylor's picturesque narrative had done much to open to his countrymen the wonders of the great Asiatic peninsula, and his graphic delineations had rendered it difficult for a fresh American traveller to add much to our stores of entertainment.

Mr. Minturn has done the best that he could with this disadvantage. Though by no means so practised or so brilliant a writer as Mr. Taylor, he has produced a very pleasant and interesting volume. His observations in the countries which he visited, Brazil, Australia, Southern and Central China, Singapore, and India, both in the Presidencies of Bengal and Bombay, are those of an intelligent and clear-sighted judge of the facts as they appeared before his eyes. He differs with Bayard Taylor in the estimate which he puts upon the Chinese; he rates their capacity, their industry, and their worth much higher than his predecessor, and much higher than the usual estimate of missionaries. Of the Indian races, particularly the Brahman and the Mussulman, he has a very poor opinion. He vindicates the course of the East India Company, and insists that their government of the peninsula, their dealing with the tribes, and their treatment of the native princes, have been on the whole singularly wise, just, and humane. He has no sympathy with the wholesale abuse which has vilified the acts of this great body. He places the Hindoos in the scale of civilization very far below the Chinese. This view, no doubt, will be questioned by many competent judges.

Others will question, and perhaps with reason, Mr. Minturn's remark, that in China "opium-smoking does not produce those deleterious effects which are universally attributed to it here and in Europe." We have heard repeatedly a very different testimony. Equally doubtful is the statement that the elephant "will not breed in captivity." The keepers of Zoölogical Gardens in London and Paris might bring some evidence on the other side. We were not quite prepared, either, for the information that gold in Calcutta is "not a recognized currency." It may be so; yet a pocketful of sovereigns will there buy a man anything

* From New York to Delhi, by Way of Rio de Janeiro, Australia, and China. By ROBERT B. MINTURN, Jr. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 488.

that he wants, as well as a bag of rupees. English and French gold is good currency anywhere, where the foot of civilized man treads.

Mr. Minturn's book is beautifully printed, and is furnished with an excellent map.

"*ALGIERS in 1857*"* is the title of a slight book, written in easy, narrative style, by an English clergyman, in the fruitless search of health for his consumptive wife. A keen sportsman, a tolerable botanist, with some appreciation of good living, he has made his three months' stay in French Algiers a very inviting experience to those who are wearied of a monotonous life at home, but not at all decisive as to its permanent benefit to invalids.

The city of Algiers, once named the Pirate's Daughter, now numbering seventy thousand of every race and color, cannot be so very healthy as the cleanliness of the streets, the slope of its open position from the castle hill to the sea, and the range of the thermometer from sixty-two in winter to seventy-five in summer, would seem to promise. From other sources, we learn that the deaths are more than double the births; that in place of the customary mortality of two and a third per cent in France, the annual average in Algeria is more than six in the hundred. And, while Mr. Davies finds the climate pleasant and the air invigorating during his visit in the spring-time, old residents find only two months of the twelve fit for agriculture, because of the severity of the sun or the intensity of the rain. Several settlements, like Fondouck, Toumette, and El Aroush, have been abandoned because of the ravages of disease; and a vast prairie near the city is more fever-stricken than even the Roman Campagna. The Arabs, to be sure, can survive the night-fogs of the Metidja, or the chill of the snow-capped mountains, or the fire of the sunburnt desert at noon, with poor clothing and wretched food. Consumption has no terrors for them. But the secret is their outdoor life. Other nations as fond of the open air as the Arabian are as free from that wasting malady, which gains everywhere with the increasing refinement and more indoor habits of our highest civilization. Mentioning that in 1838 over thirty-one thousand females died in England alone of consumption, Mr. Davies has no other specific to offer—certainly there could be none safer—than to forbid sedentary and confining exercises, stooping postures, and compressing dresses, to every child who betrays any tendency to this disease; and, instead of educating this feeble youth for an early grave, that the same process of exposure to the weather and open-air occupation should be adopted to which one of our first female artists attributes her robust health.

An active cause in the mortality of Algeria, and a greater drawback upon its agriculture than the absurd restrictions with which French legislation continues to oppress the productive energies of a generous soil, must be the intemperance of the people. The new agricultural

* *Algiers in 1857: its Accessibility, Climate, and Resources, with reference to Invalids.* By REV. E. W. L. DAVIES. London: Longman & Co.

village of Boudouah has no house that is not a drinking-shop; and while other vices have no doubt been imported fresh from Paris, the exports of Algeria for some years were said to be only the horns of the cattle consumed by the army, and the empty bottles returned to the vintners of Paris.

A slight blow on the cheek of a French officer by the Dey of Algiers threw into the hands of France five hundred miles of the North African coast, reaching from the Mediterranean back to the "Sea without water," as the Arab terms the Great Desert. That touch of the fan has proved fearfully expensive to both parties. The wholesale massacre of one tribe at least, by the exasperated French, has shed no glory upon their cleansing of this old robber's den; millions of money still continue to be lavished upon a country where Marshal Bourmont said "bullets were the boundaries of French dominion"; and no return has there been except that admirable drill of the French army, which the Zouaves carried to perfection in the Crimea; and the elevation, perhaps the education, of such military celebrities as St. Arnaud, Oudinot, Lamoricière, Pelissier, Cavaignac, and Changarnier,— all of them distinguished leaders in the French invasion of Algeria.

And yet some benefits accrue to the conquered country, even from such a semi-Christian civilization. The submarine telegraph, French steamers every other day, broad roads that open magnificent views by land and sea, grain-markets for the sale and exportation of native produce,— immense strides in civilization,— have been succeeded by a governmental provision of Artesian wells in the dried-up plains, around which Arab villages are built, and by whose fertilizing streams the wanderer of the desert becomes a stationary agriculturist. While no religious influence is exerted upon a population chiefly Mohammedan, and that irreclaimable race, the Jews, shine in unequalled splendor, a Madame Luce has commenced the business of educating young Algiers gratuitously, in morals as well as modern accomplishments; and, through the help of imperial patronage, she offers now the only promise for the future of that blood-bought soil, working in a noble spirit for the true elevation of a peculiarly capable, naturally religious, and generally self-denying race.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ON the morning of the 17th of October the Appleton Chapel of the University at Cambridge was dedicated to the worship of God. On the afternoon of the same day, the regular afternoon service of the Chapel began, under the form of a new Liturgy, prepared especially for the use of the Chapel, by Dr. Huntington.* It is proposed that the afternoon service in future shall be a service of Scripture reading and of devotion simply, without a sermon; the exercises being conducted according to the order proposed in this Service-Book.

We hope to have another opportunity to speak at more length of the services of dedication, and of the changes then made in the old order of

* A Service-Book for Public Worship, prepared especially for Use in the Chapel of Harvard University. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1858.

the Sunday service at the University. But we are not willing to issue this number of the *Examiner* without signifying, in however few words, both our approval of the general principle of the change of service, and our sense of the spirit, fidelity, and learning displayed in the new Service-Book. It rests, in its devotional parts, on the basis of the Church of England Liturgy, from which its variations are made in a most catholic spirit. It must, in these changes, command the approval even of those who seem to us hypercritical in their sensitiveness about terms. Dr. Huntington has arranged and placed in the book the lessons from the Old Testament and Psalms, which he would have read alternately by the preacher and his congregation. He is not dependent only upon the English Church, but has used the Scriptural Litanies from the Church of the Disciples Service-Book, and the Eucharistic service which Dr. Hedge translated and compiled from the old Greek Liturgies. It is worthy of note, by the way, that those Unitarian churches which follow Dr. Hedge's Liturgy use, in the very central symbol of our religion, a form older, by we know not how long a period, than that used in the Roman Church or the Church of England.

The simple arrangement of this Service-Book is such as will commend it for use in other churches which desire to introduce a Liturgy. There is nothing in it which should confine its use to the University Chapel.

THERE are two ways of making Cyclopædias, which are in rivalry always. You may either put everything you know in alphabetical order, and compel everybody who wants to consult your book to buy the whole; so that the Botanist who wants to look out *Chelidonium* shall find it between "Cheke, Sir John" and "Chelmsford";— or you may arrange what you know under different general subdivisions, so as to have a Cyclopædia of Biography, a Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature, a Cyclopædia of Antiquities, and so on. We have very little doubt that the first of these ways is in theory the best; but there are two great drawbacks on its value in practice. The first is, that by the time the Cyclopædia is finished to Z, the A volume is behind the times, and quite inconsistent with the Z volume. The other is, that very few people have money enough to buy your complete work, and that, of those who have, very few need more than a tenth part of what they buy.

Just at the present time, we are disposed to think that the special one-volume Cyclopædias have the advantage of the others. We believe that the man who should go into the book-market to-day, and buy twenty-five different Cyclopædias in one volume each, selecting them with reference to his own specialty, would be better provided for the exigencies of daily work than he could be by spending the same money for any Cyclopædia in the English language now before the public.

To the list of these special Cyclopædias there is now added one*

* A Cyclopædia of Commerce and Commercial Navigation. Edited by J. SMITH HOMANS and J. SMITH HOMANS, Jr. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1858.

which professes to occupy itself especially with "Commerce and Commercial Navigation." It is edited by two gentlemen who acknowledge that it is in great measure a compilation, as it should be. It is a compilation made from the best authorities, and so made that it is singularly fresh,—a very essential quality. It is quite clear that the compilers have had a close eye on the newspaper press,—the most important authority,—and have in this way brought up, as far as they could, their several articles to a very late period. We have tested it by several very severe tests, and though it fails sometimes, as every such authority does, it appears to us on the whole singularly accurate. It is by no means a book for merchants only, but as a book of general reference has a value for every well-informed man.

We may say, in general, that we believe the best practical rule for the majority of men in the purchase of books is this: "Buy no book on a special subject, unless you intend to begin the study and use of that book immediately." This rule applies to all books except cyclopaedias, dictionaries, and other books of reference. With regard to these the rule is entirely different; for it is, "Buy the best you can, as many as you can, and keep and use them all."

IN noticing Mr. Dana's handsome volume of select poems,* we must remember the difficulties inseparable from the editorial task undertaken. No work of the kind can be satisfactory, in all respects, to everybody. Tastes differ; the plan adopted, however wide and diversified, must have some limitations; and an individual compiler will have, in spite of all his endeavors to be catholic and many-sided, his unconscious partialities. Consequently, it were easy to complain of imperfections of omission and commission. But, all things considered, this is an excellent book of its kind, perhaps the best yet issued, and fulfills in a remarkable degree the purpose to comprise within its bounds "whatever is truly beautiful and admirable among the minor poems of the English language." It is—as its size imports—very full, the pieces given to be numbered, we believe, by thousands; and "especial care has been taken to give every poem entire and unmutilated,"—a feature deserving all commendation. If the reader misses, as he will, not a few favorites, he must also rejoice at meeting with crowds of old friends and worthies not often accessible. The classification of the selections according to sentiment, thought, and subject, though somewhat novel, is judicious and satisfactory.

* The Household Book of Poetry. Collected and Edited by CHARLES A. DANA. New York: Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 798.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

The Religious Aspects of the Age ; being Addresses delivered at the Anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Union, May, 1858. New York : Thatcher & Hutchinson. 12mo. pp. 179.

Spurgeon's Gems ; being brilliant Passages from the Discourses of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. New York : Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 12mo. pp. 360.

Sermons to the Churches. By Francis Wayland. New York : Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 12mo. pp. 281.

The New England Theocracy ; a History of the Congregationalists in New England, to the Revivals of 1740. By H. F. Uhden. With a Preface by the late Dr. Neander, translated from the Second German Edition, by H. C. Conant. Boston : Gould & Lincoln. 1858. 12mo. pp. 295.

A Service-Book for Public Worship. Prepared especially for Use in the Chapel of Harvard University. Cambridge : John Bartlett. 12mo. pp. 308.

The Religion for the Heart and Home. Two Sermons by David March. Woburn : John J. Pippy. 18mo. pp. 95.

Thoughts on the Life and Character of Jesus of Nazareth. By W. H. Furness. Boston : Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 12mo. pp. 311.

The New Testament, translated from the original Greek, with Chronological Arrangement of the Sacred Books, and Improved Divisions of Chapters and Verses. By Leicester Ambrose Sawyer. Boston : John P. Jewett & Co. 12mo. pp. 423. (From the text of Tischendorf.)

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.

Rational Cosmology : or, The Eternal Principles and the Necessary Laws of the Universe. By Laurens P. Hickok, D. D., Union College. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 397.

Vestiges of the Spirit-History of Man. By S. F. Dunlap. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 401. (See p. 447.)

The Truth unmasked and Error exposed in Theology and Metaphysics, Moral Government, and Moral Agency. By Elder H. W. Middleton. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 314.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Sir Walter Raleigh and his Time ; with Other Papers. By Charles Kingsley. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 461.

Life of George Washington, written for Children. By E. Cecil. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 16mo. pp. 258.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

From New York to Delhi, by Way of Rio de Janeiro, Australia, and China. By Robert B. Minturn, Jr. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 488.

A Journey due North ; being Notes of a Residence in Russia. By George Augustus Sala. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 459.

POETRY AND FICTION.

Shahmah in Pursuit of Freedom, or the Branded Hand. Translated from the original Showiah, and edited by an American Citizen. New York : Thatcher & Hutchinson. 12mo. pp. 600.

Agnes : a Novel. Boston : Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 12mo. pp. 510.

The Motherless Children ; and, Play and Study. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. Boston : Shepard, Clark, & Brown. 12mo. pp. 320, 260.

Legends and Lyrics : a Book of Verses, by Adelaide Anne Procter. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 264.

[Nov.]

Election ; or, the Pranks of the Modern Puck : a Telegraphic Epic for the Times. By William C. Richards. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 16mo. pp. 84.

Blonde and Brunette ; or, the Gothamite Arcady. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 18mo. pp. 316.

The Household Book of Poetry. Collected and Edited by Charles A. Dana. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 798.

Household Waverley. The Talisman. 2 vols. Boston : Ticknor & Fields.

The Courtship of Miles Standish, and other Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 16mo. pp. 215.

The Age of Chivalry. Part I. King Arthur and his Knights. Part II. The Mabinogion ; or, Welsh Popular Tales. By Thomas Bulfinch. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 12mo. pp. 414.

Paschall's Pilgrimage, a Philosophical Poem. Philadelphia : Edward S. Morris. 16mo. pp. 87.

JUVENILE.

Seed-Time and Harvest : Tales from the German of Rosalie Koch and Maria Burg. By Trauermantel. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 16mo. pp. 291.

A Will and a Way : Tales from the German of T. Michel and Aug. Moritz. By Trauermantel. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 16mo. pp. 213.

The Wolf-Boy of China ; or, Incidents and Adventures in the Life of Lyn Payo. By William Dalton. Boston : James Munroe & Co. 18mo. pp. 339.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Courtship and Matrimony ; with other Sketches from Scenes and Experiences in Social Life. By Robert Morris. Philadelphia : J. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 508. (A series of newspaper sketches.)

The Laying of the Cable, or the Ocean Telegraph. By John Mallaly. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 329. (A biographical and scientific narrative, with many woodcuts.)

The Congregational Hymn-Book, for the Service of the Sanctuary. 16mo. pp. 752.

The Vestry Hymn-Book, for Social and Private Worship. 32mo. pp. 574.

The Congregational Tune-Book : prepared by Elias Nason. Boston : John P. Jewett & Co. 16mo. pp. 208.

The Old Farmer's Almanac, for 1859. By Robert B. Thomas. Boston : Hickling, Swan, & Brewer. pp. 42.

Book-Keeping, by Single and Double Entry ; for Schools and Academies. By L. B. Hanaford and J. W. Payson. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. pp. 108.

Analytic Grammar of the English Language. By I. H. Nutting. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 16mo. pp. 112.

Text-Book of Modern Carpentry. By Thomas W. Silloway. Illustrated by 20 Copperplates. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 16mo. pp. 180.

A Practical Guide to English Pronunciation ; and, Alphabetical Recitation-List. By E. J. Stearns. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 16mo. pp. 55, 55.

Safe Home ; or the Last Days and Happy Death of Fannie Kenyon. Boston : Gould & Lincoln. 18mo. pp. 76.

PAMPHLETS.

The Christian Idea of Sacrifice : a Discourse preached at the Dedication of the Church of the Messiah, Montreal, on Sunday, 12th September, 1858. By John Cordner. Montreal : H. Rose. pp. 29.

A Paper on New England Architecture. By N. H. Chamberlain. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. pp. 30. (Contains some excellent descriptive writing and some excellent hints ; but we cannot assent to its argument in favor of cheap Gothic for our churches.)

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B

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